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TALES
OF
INSTRUCTION
AND
AMUSEMENT.
WRITTEN FOR THE USE
OF
YOUNG PERSONS.

BY Miss MITCHELL. *afterward Living, Mrs*

IN TWO VOLUMES. *R.*

VOL. I.

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DEDICATION.

ADDRESSED

TO

MISS HARRISON,

AND

MISS M. A. HARRISON.

AS you have for some years been the objects of my most anxious care, and fondest affection, my mind has been sedulously employed, even in the few leisure hours I could command, in endeavouring to pro-

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mote

mote your welfare. I, therefore, address to you the following pages ; which, whatever their demerits, will, I hope, afford you some useful instruction ; they will shew you that religion and virtue must ever be the basis of solid happiness. Read them, then, with attention, and a wish of improvement ; and suffer them to be a memorial of my unceasing regard, when different climes may, perhaps, separate us.

You are now entering on a more extensive plan of education, you are mixing with a larger society ; but do not in the public feminary forget the private friend ! Let those precepts it has always been my ardent desire to inculcate, still live in
your

your remembrance ! Let them warn you, that however desirable music, drawing, and those elegant accomplishments befitting your rank may be, they are still but secondary considerations ; which, though they may render you agreeable, can never, without higher acquirements, make you beloved ; — they may impart pleasure, but can never bestow happiness ! Let virtue, then, be your first, as it will be your noblest pursuit ; and trust my experience, when I assure you, that virtue and peace are never far distant ; for though all are vulnerable to the shafts of adversity, by none are they so easily repelled as by those whose hearts are shielded by conscious integrity.

Adieu! may you be good, and
happy! and oh, may the noon and
evening of your days be as fair, as
unsullied as is their early dawn, prays
with unceasing favour, and heartfelt
sincerity,

Your affectionate

M. M.

PRE-

P R E F A C E.

THE authorefs of the following pages, new to publication, and confcious how much more ſhe has to dread from censure, than to hope from applauſe, ſteps fearfully forward as a candidate for public favour.

She approaches the altar of criticiſm with but little reaſon to believe ſhe ſhall be favourably received; yet, though ſhe cannot help ſoliciting ſome indulgence for this her firſt, and feeble effort, ſhe ſeeks not to
avoid,

avoid, but to soften censure ; as she is convinced that what wounds her pride, may also correct her judgment, and that those faults which the wise and candid point out, is the part of the judicious to obliterate or amend.

Copford Hall,

Dec. 5, 1794-

CON-

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TALES

TALES
OF
INSTRUCTION
AND
AMUSEMENT.

Read Nature's book ! that wondrous power revere,
Who form'd each being for its proper sphere ;
But who to man superior bliss has giv'n,
Bliss, which the virtuous find matur'd in Heav'n.
Yet ah ! disdain not those who sporting, gay,
Range unconfin'd, the tenants of a day !
In joy and freedom, let their moments flow,
Nor take that life which thou can'st ne'er bestow !

LUCRETIA was one fine morn-
ing walking in the fields with her
Mama, when she took notice of several
small masses of earth, which seemed

to have been purposely thrown up;
 “ Pray, Mama,” said she, “ why do the
 “ people make these lumps? I think
 “ they are very ugly.”

Mrs. Mountain. “ They are ant-hills,
 “ and are formed by those little crea-
 “ tures you have sometimes seen in the
 “ garden.”

Lucretia. “ And why do they make
 “ them?”

Mrs. Mountain. “ Look here; do not
 “ you observe several holes? Well, if
 “ you could see within those, you would
 “ behold a city.”

Lucretia. “ A city, Mama! are you
 “ not joking?”

Mrs. Mountain. “ No, indeed I am
 “ very serious; and I assure you what
 “ I say is perfectly true. The ants dig
 “ some depth into the earth, and by
 “ throwing out the mould, as you here

“ see, they leave a hollow space
 “ within.”

“ *Lucretia.* But does not the earth
 “ fall back again into the place under-
 “ neath ?”

Mrs. Mountain. “ It certainly would
 “ do so, if these ingenious little crea-
 “ tures did not contrive a method to
 “ prevent it. They collect such pieces
 “ of stick as they judge necessary, which
 “ several of them carry to the spot
 “ where they intend to build their city;
 “ they then lay them across the top of
 “ their streets, forming by this means a
 “ roof. They also consolidate the
 “ earth with a kind of glue, and then
 “ cover the pieces of wood with moss,
 “ grass, or dry rushes.”

Lucretia. “ And is it possible, Mama,

“ that these little creatures should be
 “ capable of doing so much ?”

Mrs. Mountain. “ Yes, indeed it is,
 “ and even a great deal more ; for they
 “ form these roofs in a shelving pos-
 “ ture, by which means the current of
 “ water is turned from them. They
 “ divide their city into different depart-
 “ ments; lay up provisions of all kinds
 “ in their magazines, and conduct all
 “ their business with the greatest care
 “ and regularity. They are likewise the
 “ tenderest parents to their young,
 “ nurse them with the greatest affec-
 “ tion, and amply supply all their
 “ wants.”

Lucretia. “ Really, Mama, it is very
 “ wonderful, but yet I can easily credit
 “ it ; for I recollect a few days since,
 “ when I was walking by the honey-
 “ suckle

“ suckle bower, I observed a vast num-
 “ ber of ants crawling about. I stood
 “ some time to observe them, and I do
 “ assure you I saw one of them carry a
 “ part of a dead fly in its mouth.”

Mrs. Mountain. “ That is by no
 “ means uncommon with them, for they
 “ are indefatigable in their labours.”

Lucretia. “ I have often heard you
 “ say, Mama, how much pleasure the
 “ study of natural history afforded you.
 “ Will you teach me it ? I am sure
 “ I should like it very much.”

Mrs. Mountain. “ Most readily: for
 “ there is no science which more
 “ strongly displays the wisdom and
 “ power of the Creator. It is a science
 “ which ought to teach us humility, as
 “ it shews us the wonderful powers
 “ which some of the animal tribes pos-

“ that these little creatures should be
 “ capable of doing so much ?”

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 “ which ought to teach us humility, as
 “ it shews us the wonderful powers
 “ which some of the animal tribes pos-

“ fefs ; and as many of thefe are em-
 “ ployed for our advantage, they ought
 “ to fecure to their poffeffors the kind-
 “ eft treatment.”

The next morning Lucretia begged
 fome grains of corn of one of the fer-
 vants, with which ſhe immediately haf-
 tened to the ſpot where ſhe had before
 ſeen the ants. She laid her treasure on
 the ground, and in about a quarter of
 an hour ſeveral of theſe induſtrious in-
 ſects came to it. Their numbers ſoon
 increaſed ; ſhe called her Mama to ob-
 ſerve them, who told her, ſhe had no
 doubt but this was nearly the whole co-
 lony, as it was well known the ants
 kept ſpies, whoſe buſineſs it was to diſ-
 cover any thing worth amaffing, which
 was no ſooner done than they gave in-
 formation

formation of it, and the whole party immediately sallied out.

Mrs. Mountain and her daughter stood some time to observe the little labourers, and saw them take all the corn to deposit in their granaries. The pleasure of Lucretia was very great in beholding their industry, and she frequently placed corn or fruit that she might observe them carrying it away. Nor was her curiosity gratified, nor did her researches end here. Natural history by degrees was familiar to her: botany, that repository of wonder and pleasure, soon became the favorite study of her hours of recreation. Her mind being thus enriched with useful knowledge, no vacuum was left for those trifling amusements, which are equally a disgrace to the head and heart.

Those who observe the beauties of Nature, who accustom themselves not merely to look at, but to see all around them, can never be at a loss for employment. Every bird that skims the air, every beast that ranges the field, will furnish them with sufficient amusement, and lead them to the contemplation of that Being whose wisdom and goodness are equally conspicuous in all that he has made,

Whate'er

Whate'er thy lot, thankful for what is sent,
 If rich, be lib'ral; and if poor, content!
 With firm submission learn each woe to bear,
 For all who taste of life, must taste of care.

IT was towards the latter end of September, when a remarkably fine afternoon tempted Mr. Inton, and his son Maurice, to take a walk. They fauntered along, talking of various subjects, till they had proceeded more than three miles. They ascended a hill that they might have a better prospect of the country, clad as it was in the yellow, but rich tints of autumn. They sat down after having gazed around them for some time, and observed at leisure all the beauties which the hand of Na-

ture had so lavishly bestowed. It was with some reluctance Maurice left this delightful spot, and descended into the plain. But suddenly the whole face of nature was changed : a dark cloud obscured the resplendent rays of the sun, and burst over their heads in a violent shower of rain. “ What shall we do, “ Papa,” said Maurice, “ here is no “ shelter ? ” — “ No indeed there is not,” replied Mr. Inton ; “ and as evening is “ approaching very fast, we had better “ hasten home than seek any.” Maurice took hold of his father’s hand, and for some time bore the “ pelting of the “ storm ” with tolerable fortitude. But as he had been little exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, nor knew what houseless wanderers are often obliged to suffer, he at length became tired, and
bursting

bursting into tears bewailed his fate, as if he had endured the greatest misfortune. “ I am very sorry,” said Mr. Inton, “ you have so little resolution
 “ as to suffer your spirits to sink under
 “ such a trifle as this. You know when
 “ you get home you will find a good
 “ fire, and you can very easily have
 “ dry cloaths. Compare your situation
 “ with that of many others, and blush
 “ for the weakness which occasions these
 “ tears. Thousands of poor creatures,
 “ equally deserving the gifts of fortune
 “ as yourself, are exposed to the air in
 “ all seasons, without knowing when
 “ their troubles may end—who have no
 “ house to return to, and no kind
 “ friends to welcome and receive them :
 “ I doubt not but this very night many
 “ unfortunate beings will sleep with no

“ other shelter than a hedge, or a mi-
 “ serable barn, through which the wind
 “ and rain finds a thousand inlets.”

Maurice. “ But it is impossible, Papa,
 “ they should like it, and no doubt
 “ would be very glad to be better
 “ sheltered if they could.”

Mr. Inton. “ There I perfectly agree
 “ with you : but if it is not in their
 “ power to procure those comforts,
 “ which are certainly very desirable, it
 “ is highly commendable in them to
 “ submit without repining, to their de-
 “ privation. Their situation is often-
 “ times deplorable ; but what would it
 “ be, if, like you, they gave way to
 “ fretful discontent ! It is not by crying
 “ and murmuring that the evils of life
 “ will ever be lessened, but by that
 “ noble fortitude which rises superior to

“ misfortune, which gives firmness to
 “ the mind, resists the trials of calamity,
 “ and instead of sinking under its load,
 “ teaches us only how to support it.
 “ It is the possessors of such qualities
 “ who have attained the highest degree
 “ of excellence in all ages of the world.
 “ The more you read of history, the
 “ more you see of mankind ; you will
 “ learn that patience, fortitude, and
 “ self-denial, have always raised their
 “ possessors above the common lot of
 “ mortals. Riches are as frequently
 “ bestowed on the wicked as the virtu-
 “ ous, therefore they alone can never
 “ discriminate excellence. Power is
 “ often attained by base and ignoble
 “ means, but virtue, with all its train
 “ of rugged attendants, can only be
 “ possessed by the good.”

Here

Here Mr. Inton ceased, and they walked on in silence, till coming to a miserable cottage, whose clay-built walls tottered with every blast, Mr. Inton knocked at the door. It was opened by a boy about the age of Maurice, whose appearance bespoke extreme poverty. "Will you give us leave," said Mr. Inton, "to shelter ourselves here for a few minutes?"

"Oh, yes," answered the boy, "pray come in." They then entered a room, the only furniture of which was a miserably tattered bed, and a broken table. Upon the bed lay a poor man, apparently very ill; several children, half naked, were playing on the floor, whilst a middle-aged woman cooked something on the fire. She turned round at the entrance of the strangers, and dropping them

them a curtesy, said she was sorry she had not a chair to offer them, but if they would sit at the foot of the bed, they should be very welcome."

"You seem in great distress, good woman," said Mr. Inton; "is your husband ill?"

The Woman. "We are in distress indeed, Sir. My poor husband met with a bad accident, about a month since, and he is not yet recovered. God knows what is to become of us, but I believe we must all die for want of food."

Mr. Inton. "Are none of your children able to work?"

The Woman. "Billy, my eldest there, Sir, is only nine years old, and he is employed in finding us a bit of firing. The rich, Sir, don't know what the
"poor

“ poor suffer, and when a family is re-
 “ duced to starving, they think it all
 “ owing to mismanagement ; but I am
 “ sure my husband and I have worked
 “ early and late to provide for our fa-
 “ mily ; and if it had not pleased God
 “ to send us this affliction, we should
 “ have done very well.”

Mr. Inton. “ Has this poor man had
 “ any body to attend him ?”

The Woman. “ Yes, Sir ; we begged
 “ Dr. Armer to come, and he did once
 “ and sent some medicines, but as he
 “ knew we were not likely to pay for
 “ them, he would not send any a se-
 “ cond time.---My little master,” con-
 “ tinued she, addressing Maurice, “ you
 “ seem very wet and cold. Do come to
 “ to the fire ! Billy get a few sticks.”
 Maurice, who was indeed shivering,
 very

very gladly obeyed the summons, and at his father's desire pulled off his coat, and dried it. The rain still continuing very violent, Mr. Inton sent the cottager's eldest son to order the carriage. Whilst they were waiting for it, the poor man attempted to sit up in his bed ; his wan, and ghastly countenance and his emaciated figure, but too plainly spoke his sufferings and poverty. He looked at his children with an eye of anguish, and then, as if unable to behold them starving, he wiped a tear from his cheek, and again sunk down in his bed. Mr. Inton sympathised in his distress, and as he knew the cause, and was able, in some measure, to remove it, he took out his purse, and giving the woman five shillings, told her he would call in the morning, and see if

if he could be of any farther service to her. She thanked him with the warmest gratitude, and said she had not possessed such a sum for many months. "My
 " poor starving children," said she, letting drop a tear of joy, "may now have
 " a comfortable meal. Oh, Sir! may
 " you never know the miseries of poverty, even though it were to experience the joy I now feel."

It was not long before Mr. Inton's coach came, into which he stepped with Maurice. During their ride, "well," said he, "whose misfortunes were the
 " greatest? your's, in being exposed to
 " a shower of rain, or these poor people's, who are enduring all the calamities of life?"

Maurice felt ashamed at this question, but immediately answered, "These
 " people's, Papa, to be sure."

Mr.

Mr. Inon. “ Ought it not then,
 “ when you see the miseries which some
 “ are doomed to suffer, make you
 “ ashamed of that foolish weakness,
 “ which cannot support the slightest in-
 “ convenience? it is but too often the
 “ fatal effects of riches, to render the
 “ minds of their possessors feeble and
 “ enervated. Secured from those ca-
 “ lamities to which a state of poverty is
 “ liable, they indulge themselves in all
 “ that is frivolous and weak; as if to be
 “ idle and useless, were the privileges of
 “ wealth. They feel only for themselves,
 “ and think the order of nature ought to
 “ be changed for their accommodation:
 “ An unexpected shower, the loss of
 “ the most trifling pleasure, seem a trial
 “ too great to be borne. Their riches
 they

“ they consider as bestowed upon them
 “ merely for their own gratification, and
 “ instead of looking into the world for
 “ the poor and needy to share them,
 “ they encourage an habitual meanness
 “ of soul, and feel for no one beside
 “ themselves. Forgetful of the starving
 “ children of poverty, the children of
 “ one common parent, they live equally
 “ useless to others, as themselves; and
 “ after an ill-spent life sink to the grave
 “ without leaving any one to bless their
 “ memory: for it is impossible to be
 “ either esteemed, or beloved, unless
 “ virtue makes us so. The poor distinc-
 “ tions which rank alone can claim, are
 “ justly contemptible in the regard of
 “ the wise; none but the weak and ser-
 “ vile will ever pay them, and none but
 “ the base and ignoble ever be pleased
 “ with

" with them. To raise yourself above
 " others, you must attain superior for-
 " titude, courage, and goodness ; for,
 " indeed, Maurice, notwithstanding your
 " rank, you will be contemptible, if
 " you suffer every trifle to act upon
 " your mind as the greatest misfortune.
 " Whilst you think so much of yourself,
 " you must forget others : and he who
 " is destitute of the social affections,
 " loses the purest pleasures of life. What
 " greater delight can any one wish for
 " than having the power of contributing
 " to the happiness of all around him ;
 " of giving bread to the hungry, shelter
 " to the houseless, and alleviating the
 " pains of sickness ?"

Maurice. " Indeed, Papa, I feel I
 " was wrong, but I will in future try to
 " act better."

Mr.

Mr. Inton. "I hope you will, as well
"for your own sake as that of others."

The next morning as soon as Maurice was dressed, he took his purse, and walked to the cottage. He found the poor family with much more cheerful countenances than they had the preceding evening. They were eating a comfortable breakfast of bread and milk; the man also was sitting up, and partaking of the rural fare. They all welcomed the young gentleman with the greatest respect, and told him it was to his father's bounty they owed this treat. Maurice took out his purse, and with a smile of benevolence, presented its contents to the woman, telling her he hoped she would have many such treats, and soon see her husband restored to health. The man, at sight of this unexpected
trea-

treasure, clasped his hands, and silently prayed Heaven to bless his little benefactor. The woman seemed almost frantic with joy, and the children crowding around Maurice, offered him their imperfect thanks.

Such was their situation when Mr. Inton entered the cottage. For some moments he gazed in silence on the angelic countenance of his son; then clasping him in his arms, uttered those sentiments, which affection and admiration equally inspired. Never had Maurice felt so much happiness before; he had always been a niggard of his money to others, though he had lavishly spent it in dainties for himself: yet never had he purchased any thing which imparted half the delight of this benevolent action. He had in a short time the satisfaction

faction of seeing his delight was not momentary---when he beheld the man supplied with medicines to mitigate the pains of his disorder, his wife and children enjoying the necessaries of life, and could say to himself, "these have I helped to impart;" his heart glowed with rapture, and he gratefully thanked that Power, whose bounty had enabled him to assist others. From that time his conduct was totally changed; he was no longer the selfish boy who thought only of himself; but, mindful of the miseries of others, and eager to relieve them, he experienced those pure joys which benevolence and generosity will ever impart. In proportion as he extended his regard to others, and shared their calamities, he acquired fortitude

to

to support his own ; and grew to manhood one of those bright examples, who unite the beauty of virtue to the splendour of rank.

How vain the hope in change of scene to find
 That calm content which centers in the mind !
 Though ev'ry state thou fruitlessly hast try'd
 In ev'ry state, did not thyself reside ?
 Did not ill-humour still thy breast invade,
 Or when thou fought'st the croud, or when the shade ?
 Know then thy heart alone the thorn contains,
 Which wounds repose, awakens all thy pains ;
 Disturbs thy peace alike in splendid halls,
 Or in the lowly cot's poor clay-built walls.
 Let virtue, then, alone thy search employ,
 For she alone can give unmixed joy ;
 Alone dispenses sweets which ne'er decay,
 Which find increase, with each increasing day.

FEW little girls had their play-room
 better filled than Adelaide. Besides
 an hundred other toys, she had a baby-
 house so large as to contain a great many
 rooms. They were all furnished in a
 very elegant manner, and in the dining-
 room

room was a sideboard, with glasses, cases with silver knives and forks, spoons, and, in short, every thing the same as adorned her Papa's, except that her's were much smaller. There were also carpets in all the rooms, and the beds, window curtains, &c. were of silk damask. Any little girl would have imagined, Adelaide must, with all these, be the happiest creature alive. But, alas, it was far otherwise ! Adelaide wanted, what can alone impart happiness, a contented and virtuous mind. She had so often seen her playthings that they gave her no pleasure ; and half the day she used to be crying in a corner for want of amusement. Her Mama, quite weary of her ill-humour, took but little notice of her ; so that she was equally ignorant and unhappy.

One day, as she was strolling about the park with her maid, she perceived two little girls apparently about her own age, picking sticks and dry branches, which the wind had blown from the trees. These children, though very ragged, were singing with all the glee imaginable; and appeared much happier than Adelaide, notwithstanding her muslin frock, and silk coat. She regarded them attentively a few minutes, and then walking up to them, said, "Why are you so happy, little girls?" "you seem to be very poor."

The Girl. "Oh, Miss, we have nothing to make us sad, when we can get victuals to eat; and my daddy is going to fell timber in the park, so I hope we shall do very well now."

Adel-

Adelaide. “ But have you nothing to
 “ amuse yourselves with ?” The chil-
 dren stared at this question, which
 Adelaide repeating, added, “ I mean
 “ have you any playthings, or dolls,
 “ and sweetmeats ?”

The Girl. “ Why no, Miss, mammy
 “ always keeps us employed ; sometimes
 “ we spin, or else gather sticks, and in
 “ the harvest-time we glean. And then
 “ of a Sunday we are so happy ! we
 “ go to church, and sometimes have
 “ a piece of pork for dinner ; and in
 “ the evening we have nothing to do
 “ but to sit and enjoy ourselves.”

Adelaide. “ But should not you like
 “ much better to have such a frock as
 “ mine, than that ragged gown which
 “ you wear ?”

The Girl. “ To be sure this gown is
 “ old, but I am to have a new one
 “ when I can earn money enough to
 “ buy it. But as to having a frock like
 “ your’s, Miss, it would be of no service
 “ to me. Every step I went I should
 “ be afraid of tearing it; and when I
 “ wanted to fill my lap with sticks it
 “ would not bear the weight of them,
 “ but would soon be torn to pieces: it
 “ may be very well for young ladies
 “ like you, but such poor children as
 “ we, should not know what to do with
 “ such fine cloaths.” Adelaide conti-
 nued some time talking with them but
 she could not discover that they were
 unhappy, though they appeared so poor.
 She walked home reflecting on what she
 had heard, and wondering what could
 possibly make these poor children so
 much

much happier than herself. They were poor, ragged, and obliged to work hard, yet they were cheerful, healthy, and contented; whilst she, possessed of every good thing this world affords, had always some cause for sorrow. "It is very "strange," said she; "I wish I was one "of these poor children! then, perhaps, "I should be happy."

So wholly was her mind engrossed by this idea, that as soon as she returned home, she communicated it to her Ma-ma; adding, she was sure she should like to live as these children did, and then she should never cry.

"If you think you shall be more capable of enjoying life in the station "of these little cottagers," said Mrs. Merwin, "you shall, Adelaide, make "the trial. I wish, as much as you can

“ do, that you should discover what is
 “ the cause of your constant discontent ;
 “ why you are always fretful, and al-
 “ ways unhappy. And should you be
 “ able to find in the change you pro-
 “ pose, what you so much want, I shall
 “ most sincerely rejoice that you have
 “ made the trial.”

Adelaide, after some necessary prepa-
 rations, went to the cottage ; she
 changed her dress as well as her mode
 of life ; she no longer inhabited spacious
 rooms, nor saw plenty and elegance co-
 ver the table. Brown bread, with a little
 milk, was all that was offered her ; the
 rooms were small, and the beds without
 curtains : yet with these the little cotta-
 gers were happy. She went with them
 to gather sticks, and began to assist
 them, but she was soon tired, her back
 ached

ached with stooping, and the heat was intolerable. She sat down on the grass, and burst into tears. Her companions asked her what was the matter, and hoped they had done nothing to vex her; but Adelaide made no answer, and they continued their employment. When dinner time arrived, Adelaide, who had lost all appetite for eating, could not touch a morsel. The two little girls, however, ate their portion with eagerness, for exercise had made them hungry; they tried to persuade Adelaide to taste what they thought was so good; but they could not succeed. At night, when she retired to bed, she could not sleep; the bed was hard, and the sheets coarse and rough; yet the sweetest slumbers sealed the eyes of the peasants. “Ah,” said Adelaide, “I

“ am very much mistaken, I feel I shall
“ never be happy here.”

Next morning she returned to her
Mama, her countenance still clouded
by care. “ Well,” said Mrs. Merwin,
“ I hope you are returned to inform me
“ you have at last succeeded in your
“ wishes.”

“ No I have not,” replied Adelaide,
“ and though I have lived in the same
“ manner as the little cottagers, I was
“ still unhappy, whilst they were sing-
“ ing and laughing ; and I was so tired
“ and uncomfortable !”

Mrs. Merwin. “ But what could oc-
“ casion this ?”

Adelaide. “ I do not know, Mama.”

Mrs. Merwin. “ Then you certainly
“ must have been wrong in supposing
“ it was the employments of these chil-
“ dren

“dren which imparted happiness, be-
“cause you see they could not bestow
“it on you.”

Adelaide. “No, Mama, they did not
“indeed. But yet it is very strange
“why children who are poor should be
“without any troubles, whilst I, who
“am rich, have so many.”

Mrs. Merwin. “But what, Adelaide,
“can be the cause of it; do you think
“their tempers are different to your’s?”

Here Adelaide was silent for some
minutes; she hung down her head in
confusion, but at last said, “yes.”

Mrs. Merwin. “Right; that, Ade-
“laide, is the only cause of all your
“tears. Those children are always
“contented with what they have, whilst
“you are pleased only with what you
“have not; and even that, when ob-
“tained,

"tained, you throw by with disgust.
 "Were it possible for you to place
 "yourself in every different situation
 "in the world, you would always be
 "miserable, because you suffer a re-
 "pinning, discontented temper to take
 "possession of your bosom. It is this
 "which makes you miserable in the
 "midst of the blessings which Provi-
 "dence has bestowed upon you. Whilst
 "these children, doomed to poverty,
 "and exposed to many hardships, are
 "unacquainted with care, you, pos-
 "sessed of all that riches can bestow,
 "or the affection of your friends impart,
 "are always gloomy and a stranger to
 "peace. Believe me, Adelaide, unless
 "you will resolve to correct your tem-
 "per, you will be one of the most mi-
 "serable beings on earth. You will
 "pine

“ pine in the midst of plenty, and sigh
 “ for pleasure though furrounded with
 “ the means of enjoyment. You must
 “ be convinced nothing but the sincerest
 “ wishes for your welfare can interest
 “ my heart. Take, therefore, my ad-
 “ vice ; and immediately begin the
 “ great work of reformation. Pray the
 “ Almighty to assist your endeavours.
 “ Good resolutions seldom fail, if per-
 “ severed in, of obtaining their end ;
 “ why then should you despair ? Once
 “ resolve to grow good, and you will
 “ have already made some advance in
 “ virtue.”

Adelaide, now open to conviction,
 was certain that what her Mama said
 was perfectly just ; she threw her arms
 round her neck, and assured her she
 would endeavour to amend ; which
 indeed

indeed she did. She had found by experience that a bad temper makes every state wretched; and though she suffered many severe struggles ere she could conquer habits so long indulged, she was at last victorious. She soon experienced the happy effects of a virtuous mind; the days were no longer passed in listless idleness, nor in tears and discontent. Study and amusement alternately shared her time. Having no hours unemployed, she had no leisure for folly, and no cause for repentance. Content and good nature, so long strangers to her bosom, now became its inmates; and she found that possessing these, none could ever be truly wretched; whilst, wanting them, the highest rank would at best be but splendid misery.

should be better if we could only see
 by the

Oh ne'er with hardened heart behold distress,
But freely give, what richly you possess!
Be kind, be lib'ral ! fait awaits on all,
Oft' those who soar to-day, to-morrow fall.
Then ne'er refuse the boon to want or pain ;
So when you ask, you may not ask in vain.

NEAR the sea coast, on the western
side of Scotland, lived Mr. M'Intyre ; he had a large family of children ;
and though descended from an ancient
and honourable family, his income was
so small as scarcely more than to supply
the necessaries of life. Conscious that
all he could give his children would be
a liberal education, he spared no pains
in the culture of their minds : in this he
was likewise assisted by his wife, and
they

they had the pleasure of seeing their care amply rewarded.

As Cæsar and Lucius, the two eldest boys, were one morning playing in the field near the house, they perceived a man lying under the hedge, covered with blood, and apparently dead. They immediately ran in the greatest consternation to inform their father, who, with one of his domestics, came to the spot; and found the person exactly where the children had described. Mr. M'Intyre and the servant endeavoured to lift him up, and with some difficulty conveyed him to the house; Cæsar was then sent to the neighbouring town for a surgeon. As soon as the gentleman came, he declared the stranger's wounds not mortal; he had been put to bed, and now began to discover signs of life. All that care
and

and attention could effect, was imparted by Mr. and Mrs. M'Intyre ; and when the necessary avocations of their family called them away, some of the elder children were left to watch by the bed of the stranger.

At the end of a fortnight he was sufficiently recovered to sit up ; and then informed his benevolent friends, that he had been wounded and robbed by some villains, as he was pursuing his journey to Edinburgh, whither business had called him. He expressed his thanks in the most grateful manner for the kindness he had received, and said, though it was not then in his power to return it, he hoped it would at some future time. Mr. M'Intyre begged him not to mention the subject ; “ If,” said he “ I have
“ been serviceable to you, I am amply
“ rewarded in seeing you restored to
“ health ;

“ health ; I never sought, nor ever
 “ wished, any other recompense.”

Mr. Bayley (for that was the stranger's name) as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to travel, took leave of his hospitable host, and his worthy family, whose conduct had made the deepest impression on his heart. Their amiable manners had won his esteem, and made him utter a fervent wish that he had been able liberally to reward their goodness.

After taking an affectionate leave, he pursued his journey to Edinburgh, and Mr. M'Intyre, now again wholly engrossed by his family, renewed those pursuits which his visitor had somewhat interrupted. For two years after this event the family enjoyed tranquil prosperity, when alas ! the clouds of adversity

fity began to gather around them. The property Mr. McIntyre possessed, he had, in the hope of increasing it for the benefit of a rising family, placed in the hands of a gentleman, with whom he had entered into business. This person basely deceived him, and after having been detected in several fraudulent practices, he secretly collected all that he possessed, and left the kingdom. Several people were sent in search of him, but without effect. It is impossible to describe the sensations of Mr. McIntyre, and his afflicted wife, on the receipt of this intelligence. Their little all was gone. Ten children looked up to them for support and protection ; but how were they now able to impart it ? “ Oh ! ” cried the almost distracted father, “ why was I not contented with
“ the

“ the little I possessed ? yet it was not
 “ for myself I wished more, it was for
 “ my beloved wife, my amiable chil-
 “ dren !”

So much were the affairs of this unfortunate man deranged, that he was soon obliged to resign his house and furniture for the benefit of his creditors. A brother of his wife's, who lived near London, offered them a temporary asylum, till they could fix on some plan for their future support. Oh, how were the fair prospects of this once happy family destroyed in a few weeks ! Poor, dependent on others for subsistence, they must now be content to solicit what they had formerly bestowed.

But, in the excess of his sorrow, there was a gracious Being on whom Mr. M'Intyre fixed his firm reliance; to
 whom

whom he looked up for support, and to whose dispensations he endeavoured to submit with fortitude. As travelling by land with so large a family was very expensive, Mr. McIntyre embarked with his wife and children on board a vessel which was bound to London. With feelings the most painful they bade adieu to the mansion where they had passed so many happy years, and where they hoped to have spent so many more.

A prosperous gale promised them a speedy voyage ; they stood up on the deck to contemplate the scene they had left, till the receding shore faded away in distance. Poignant grief then took possession of their hearts, and tears of sad regret trickled down their cheeks. They had been at sea several days, sometimes with a prosperous, at others with
an

an adverse wind, when a terrible gale arose. The waves rolled like mountains, and broke over the deck of the vessel with inconceivable fury. The sea was covered with a white foam, constantly irritated by the angry blast. Death in its most dreadful form seemed to threaten this unhappy family: the children clung round their mother, and weeping with terror begged her to save them. "Let us
 " implore," said the wretched father,
 " the mercy of Heaven !" They all knelt down, and the little innocent suppliants raised their clasped hands, whilst they repeated the words of their father. They continued some time thus piously employed, and then arose more resigned to the fate which seemed to await them. They sat down in awful silence ; three of the children were clasped in the arms

of Mrs. M'Intyre, and two hung on her knee.

As soon as the morning began to dawn, the master of the vessel perceiving they were within sight of land, hoisted a flag, as a signal of distress; and about an hour after they had the happiness to see a boat coming towards them. The sea, however, was still very rough, and it seemed doubtful whether this charming hope would be realized, for the boat was every moment in danger of being overset—anxiously was it watched by every eye on board the vessel. Sometimes it was raised aloft by an immense billow, at others precipitated in the opening gulph. Hope, dread, and despair, alternately seized those who watched its motions—but at length it reached the vessel, and Mr. and Mrs. M'Intyre, the children,

children, and several of the ship's company got in. The first emotions of the parents at this prospect of deliverance were, fervent thanksgivings to that Omnipotent Being, to whom they owed their preservation. The wind was now considerably abated, and they reached the shore without any other inconvenience than that of being thoroughly wet by the waves, which successively broke over them. It is not to be described what feelings agitated the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. M'Intyre when they first landed. There are situations we must experience, before we can form an adequate idea of the feelings they awaken ---such was this. Transported beyond every recollection but that of their deliverance from an untimely death, they sunk on their knees on the shore, and

with

with their eyes lifted to Heaven, uttered the most impassioned thanks. They were conducted to a small house at a little distance from the shore, and their half-famished children were supplied with food. They continued here till the next morning. The ship, which had been driven on shore, was too much damaged to proceed on her voyage, till she had received considerable repairs. Mr. M'Intyre proposed finishing their journey by land: and he thought they might by short stages reach the place of their destination on foot. This indeed their slender finances made absolutely necessary, as the expenses their late disaster had incurred, left them barely sufficient to support them on the road. The morning was delightful; the wind sunk to a perfect calm, and the

surface of the water hardly moved. To every heart but the distressed parents, it seemed to impart pleasure ; but they, engrossed by their heavy and accumulated misfortunes, which now returned to their minds with all their force, were totally insensible to circumstances, which, in happier days, they would have contemplated with delight. They had not proceeded more than a mile, when a very handsome house, which stood near the road, attracted their notice. The children were tired, and observing a foot-stile which led to a road that crossed the park, they sat down upon it to rest themselves.

“ I wish that house was ours, Mama,” said Maria, one of the little girls ;
 “ then we might stop and dine, and
 “ live always without going to sea, and
 I “ travelling

“travelling till we are so tired.” Mrs. M‘Intyre looked at the child with tenderness, but made her no answer. Her husband observing a tear steal down her cheek, said to his daughter, “Perhaps, Maria, the owner of that stately
 “mansion is not happier than we are;
 “his being rich will not exempt him
 “from sorrow, nor bestow on him
 “peace, except he is good.”

Maria. “But he cannot be obliged
 “to travel as we are; and his little
 “girls will never see their Mama cry
 “because she is poor.”

Mr. M‘Intyre. “Perhaps not: he
 “may not have exactly our troubles,
 “and yet he may be oppressed with
 “others as heavy. But supposing him
 “exempt from all sufferings, will our
 “wishes for his lot, and murmurings

“ against our own, make us happier?
 “ Will the fatigue of travelling be less-
 “ ened by complaints ; or shall we be
 “ richer from repining at our poverty ?
 “ The trials which we experience, I
 “ own are severe ; but we may still mi-
 “ tigate their poignancy by submission
 “ and fortitude. Let us, instead of re-
 “ gretting what we have lost, reflect
 “ on what we possess, and we shall find
 “ more cause to be thankful than you
 “ are aware of. Is it not a great blef-
 “ sing that you have parents, who,
 “ however limited their power, will
 “ make your happiness the study of
 “ their life ; and willingly withhold from
 “ themselves the little they possess, to
 “ bestow it on you ? Are you not also
 “ blessed with health ? which is a trea-
 “ sure so inestimable, that thousands
 “ rolling

“ rolling in that wealth you envy,
 “ would gladly relinquish their splendid
 “ magnificence, their fine houses, their
 “ spacious gardens, to be possessed of it.
 “ Without it they can enjoy nothing;
 “ but with that, and content, no one
 “ can be miserable.”

Just as he finished speaking, a gentleman, who, from his appearance seemed the possessor of the mansion, crossed the park, seeing such a party he turned from the road he was pursuing, and came towards them. When he approached nearer he suddenly stopped, and then springing forward, exclaimed, “ Tis he,
 “ 'tis my generous benefactor !” The children in an instant scrambled over the stile, and catching hold of his hand, cried, “ Mr. Bayley ! Mr. Bayley ! our
 “ dear Mr. Bayley !” For some minutes

mutual congratulations alone passed, and then Mr. Bayley anxiously inquired why he saw his friends in such a situation? Mr. M'Intyre informed him in a few words of the misfortunes which had befallen him. Mr. Bayley expressed his concern in the most animated terms, and then conducted the whole party to his house ; which was indeed the one whose magnificent appearance had attracted their notice. When he had welcomed Mr. and Mrs. M'Intyre to his mansion, and regaled his little friends, he thus addressed the former :

“ You must, I am sure, long ere this
 “ have accused me of the basest ingrati-
 “ tude, in never taking an opportunity
 “ of acknowledging your uncommon
 “ kindness. Let me, however, inform
 “ you what was the reason, which, I
 “ trust,

" trust, will be some excuse for my
 " silence. I was, at the time you re-
 " ceived me into your house, engaged
 " in a law-suit, the event of which was
 " either to reduce me to beggary, or put
 " me in possession of four thousand
 " pounds a year. I was the rightful
 " heir to this fortune, which was be-
 " queathed me by an uncle ; but an un-
 " fortunate clause in the will, made a
 " distant relation who was the next heir
 " eager to try, if, by the chicanery of
 " the law, he could not obtain imme-
 " diate possession. The cause was
 " strongly contested on both sides, and
 " but little more than a week is elapsed,
 " since it was determined in my favour.
 " I am now, therefore, in possession of
 " my patrimonial estate. Though I ar-
 " rived here but yesterday, I immedi-

“ ately, on being secure of my inherit-
 “ ance, wrote to you, and was even now
 “ anxiously waiting an answer to my
 “ letter. During the process in which I
 “ was engaged, beside having scarcely
 “ an hour I could call my own, I was
 “ unwilling to make you any promises,
 “ I was so uncertain whether I should
 “ be able to perform. Yet, believe me,
 “ when I assure you, I have never for-
 “ gotten your kindness, it will live in
 “ my remembrance to the latest moment
 “ of my existence : and I hope and trust
 “ you will not now, by unnecessary
 “ scruples, prevent the first pleasure I
 “ can receive from my splendid fortune,
 “ that of establishing you in peace and
 “ in dependence.” Seeing in the coun-
 tenances of Mr. and Mrs. M‘Intyre the
 painful emotions, which, in spite of
 their

their poverty, made them unwilling to incur such a debt of gratitude, he cried,
 “ Whence this ill-boding silence, which
 “ thus urges you to grieve me ? did
 “ not I receive from your hands favours,
 “ I can never entirely repay, and had
 “ then but little prospect of being able
 “ even to acknowledge ? yet I suffered
 “ myself to accept them, convinced that
 “ a generous mind is more gratified by
 “ conferring a favour, than even those
 “ who receive it.”

Mr. M‘Intyre thus called upon could no longer be silent. “ Impute not,” said he, “ to pride, the feelings which
 “ you have awakened, for I know no
 “ man to whom I would so willingly be
 “ obliged as yourself. But indeed we
 “ have no claim to such munificence, let
 “ us not then rob those who have. I

“ cannot accept all you offer, though I
 “ will not wholly refuse it. If you will
 “ enable us to continue the rest of our
 “ journey in carriages, we shall be
 “ greatly obliged to you ; any thing
 “ more I positively decline. We are re-
 “ duced to poverty, but the avenues of
 “ industry are still open to us. What
 “ formerly we possessed in ease, we must
 “ now endeavour to acquire as the re-
 “ compence of labour ; the task is not
 “ so difficult as many suppose it ; with
 “ health and strength we may do much ;
 “ and I have ever condemned those prin-
 “ ciples of pride, which induce their
 “ possessors to sink into idleness and the
 “ most disgraceful poverty, because they
 “ have once had fairer prospects. That
 “ we are all born to calamity no one
 “ disputes, we ought therefore to be
 “ prepared

“ prepared for the blow, and as the
 “ storm increases, increase also our for-
 “ titude. Leave us then, my generous
 “ friend, to virtuous industry. My
 “ boys are active, my girls will soon be-
 “ come useful; and we shall all, I
 “ trust, shew we have not been un-
 “ deserving prosperity, by convincing
 “ the world that we know how to sup-
 “ port adversity.”

Just, and praise-worthy as these senti-
 ments were, they were insufficient to
 convince Mr. Bayley. His heart was
 wounded, he was hurt that his friend
 would not accept his offers, and so ar-
 dently and repeatedly did he enforce the
 acceptance of them, that at last Mr.
 M'Intyre yielded.

The whole family continued some
 weeks at this hospitable mansion, and

then, accompanied by Mr. Bayley, went to re-purchase the house in Scotland. That gentleman's munificence ~~stop~~ not here ; he established his friends in easy independence. More than ever attached to their amiable society, he spent the greatest part of his time with them, either at their house, or his own. Each looked upon much of his happiness as derived from the other's goodness, which had preserved the one from death, and the other from poverty ; and in their daily orisons to Heaven, they supplicated the Almighty to strengthen in their hearts those social affections which make the chief bliss of life : without which, wealth is but an empty name, and man a forlorn and solitary being ; who in the midst of crowded cities

cities would be without a friend, and
in the midst of pleasure, ignorant of
enjoyment.

Trust

Trust not to fortune, nor a titled name,
To lead thee to the avenues of fame !
But let some nobler aim thy mind engage,
And sow in youth, what thou may'st reap in age ;
Let virtue guide thee to her blissful seat,
Which firm remains, and braves each shock of fate ;
When fairest laurels grace the victor's brow,
Who sits secure, and sees the storm below.

MR. Jeffries was a rich merchant who lived in the greatest splendour : he kept a vast many servants, and had several carriages. His house in London was spacious, and fitted up in the most costly manner ; nor was his country seat less magnificent. This gentleman had two sons : Lewis and Archibald. As soon as they were of a proper age, they were put under the tuition of a worthy clergyman, who lived at some distance

distance from the metropolis. As these children had been accustomed to a life of indolent indulgence, to do nothing for themselves, and to have servants constantly attending them, they were weak in body, and debilitated in mind. Their wishes, however absurd, had always been gratified, and hence, though of much possessed, they were with nothing pleased. Their desires increased from the facility with which they were complied with, and only served to render them fretful and dissatisfied. What they had did not gratify them, and what they wished for, when obtained, pleased them no longer.

Such were the pupils Mr. Briant received ; their pride was equal to their indolence, they constantly rang the bell for every trifle they wanted, and gave their

their orders in the most imperious manner. They complained of the fatigue they endured, because they were obliged to walk, instead of having a carriage always at their command.

Mr. Briant, who was a man of sense and learning, and who knew much of life, was certain that with such dispositions his pupils could never be happy, notwithstanding the bounty which distinguished their lot.

To possess the means of happiness is not sufficient, unless we know how to apply them ; and of this knowledge how many are ignorant ! how rarely is plenty enjoyed by those who riot in profusion ! how seldom are the sweets of rest tasted by such as have no employment ! To subdue superfluous wishes, to learn to prefer what is really good, to
what

what only appears so, is the way to be truly happy. We ought never to shrink even from labour and toil, if by it our virtue is strengthened, or the good of our fellow-creatures is promoted. To subdue every sordid and selfish inclination, and to oppose to them the pure precepts of benevolence and philanthropy, can alone raise any one above that equality, which is the natural inheritance of all.

It was the active, and arduous endeavour of Mr. Briant, to erase from the minds of his pupils those pernicious maxims they had long been suffered to indulge ; to lead them to nobler aims, than merely living at the expense of others, and passing their time in listless idleness. By degrees he inured them to exercise, and they often assisted him in cultivating a garden which belonged to

to his house. Eager to imitate what they saw, they were insensibly led to better habits; and their minds as well as their bodies were strengthened by them. They arose early in the morning, which, though at first they found difficult, use soon made agreeable. A delightful walk, or a story from Mr. Briant, more than repaid them for every exertion. Their breakfast was rendered entertaining by a recapitulation of the events of the preceding day, and whenever they had performed any praise-worthy action, the warmest commendations recompensed their virtue. Their tempers also, which before were sour and morose, were now become pliant and obliging. When they returned in the holidays to their father's house, so great was the alteration a twelvemonth had made,

made, that he could scarcely recognize them as his sons. They were healthy, active, good-tempered, and condescending. Fretfulness no longer made them disgusting, nor did they weary every one with the constant attendance they required. It is impossible to speak the delight of Mr. Jeffries upon this occasion, and he gave the most liberal proofs of his gratitude to Mr. Briant. At the expiration of their holidays, they returned to their improvements, and their useful avocations. Besides the studies and accomplishments deemed necessary for their rank, they were instructed by Mr. Briant in the knowledge of agriculture, in all its various and useful branches. They were astonished to see by what numerous and extensive labours man is supplied with food; and in proportion

as

as they saw how much they depended upon others, they became more affable and obliging. They would frequently go into the fields to see the plough open the bosom of the earth, the sower scatter the seeds, and the harrow finish the toil; they would watch the seed as it broke through the ground, and the green blade as it began to sprout. In the joyous time of harvest, they would assist the poor gleaners, and intreat Mr. Briant to throw them a few handfuls from the rich sheaves. By this conduct they endeared themselves to every one, and there was scarcely a cottager in the village who had not cause to revere the names of Lewis and Archibald. Far from despising the menial, but useful offices of life, they felt the greatest pleasure in rendering themselves useful.

They

They no longer sighed for a gilded coach, nor a numerous train of useless dependents.

Their progress in learning was equal to the improvements of their minds, and whatever advantages they might derive from their rank, were far inferior to those their intrinsic merit bestowed.

At length, after finishing their studies at Oxford, they returned to their father, such sons as any father might delight to own. The splendour, the opulence which surrounded them, gave them frequent opportunities of being serviceable to their fellow-creatures; nor did they ever let such opportunities pass unheeded.

But, alas! how uncertain is every thing mortal! Mr. Jeffries, whose success in life had hitherto been invariable,
 now

now experienced a cruel reverse. The sudden breaking out of war first involved him in difficulties, and a house, with whom he had very large connections, stopping payment, plunged him still deeper in ruin. The information of several ships which were freighted for him being captured, completed the fatal blow ; after all his debts were paid he found himself master of little more than £.4000. This, to a man who had been accustomed to spend such a sum as the yearly expenses of his household, was but a degree removed from poverty. In the first agony of grief and disappointment, he abandoned himself to despair, till the affectionate and dutiful attention of his sons recalled him to reason and reflection. They made use of every solacing argument they thought likely

likely to comfort him, and added, as neither guilt nor imprudence had been the cause of his misfortunes, he could in no respect upbraid himself; but must endeavour more calmly to submit to the dispensations of Heaven. "We are young," said they, "healthy, and strong, and by our labour we will still support you in ease and plenty; long enough have you thus supported us. We have now an opportunity of shewing our gratitude; so sweet will be the offices that the melancholy occasion which called it forth, shall be wholly forgotten." The afflicted father made no answer, but folded them tenderly to his bosom. By the advice of his friends, and the concurring wishes of his own breast, he determined to leave England, as he could not bear that

that the place which had witnessed his former grandeur, should behold his present abasement. He had unfortunately been accustomed to look on wealth as the only means of happiness; the luxuries it afforded, the respect it commanded, were dearer than ever to his bosom; and though whilst he possessed riches, he was still anxious for more, and still found that accumulation satisfied not his wishes, nor at all added to his real enjoyments, he could now neither resign his wealth with fortitude, nor bear its loss with submission. He had a lesson to learn which to him was very difficult, that industry and content are better securities of happiness, than wealth and parade. The small sum which was left of his immense riches, he proposed laying out in the purchase
of

of some land in Jamaica; whither with his two sons he immediately repaired.

Lewis and Archibald, whose education had furnished them with resources of which no chance could deprive them, and which enabled them to live contentedly in any sphere, sympathized most sincerely in the afflictions of their father, and by their dutiful and unre-mitted attention endeavoured to lighten them; but poverty presented not itself to them in a form so dreadful; they were willing and able to support themselves by active industry, and they possessed sufficient resolution to make their wishes subservient to their power of gratifying them.

On their arrival in the West Indies, they remained, for a few days, at a friend of Mr. Jeffries, and then repaired

to their own dwelling. This was small, and had been built not for purposes of luxury, but from motives of convenience; it was sweetly situated, and presented to the eye the most beautiful and romantic scenery that can be imagined.

It is impossible to describe the sensations which the beautifully picturesque views of Jamaica occasioned in Lewis and Archibald, for their father was too much absorbed in sorrow, to be sensible of such pleasures. They ascended a neighbouring hill to contemplate at leisure the lovely scene. From this eminence they beheld rivers winding in a majestic course along the rich plain, and in some places skirted by woods decked with perpetual verdure. There rich savannahs opened to distant scenes, where the foot of European had seldom trod.

Every

Every thing which could please the eye, all that could satiate avarice, and gratify luxury, were here combined ! But, ah ! dreadful were the means by which the latter were accomplished. Here poor, toiling wretches dragged on a miserable existence, to contribute to the artificial wants of others ; and whilst plenty smiled around them, they were obliged to satisfy the cravings of hunger with a piece of dried fish, their common and scanty fare !

In the generous, the humane, the well-formed minds of Lewis and Archibald, such an abuse of power could create no other sensations than detestation of the oppressor, and pity for the oppressed ; and they resolved, if Providence should so far prosper their industry, as to place them in a higher

station, their dependents should sweeten the bread of labour with the smiles of freedom.

They were soon employed in cultivating the little ground their father possessed, and this, so far from considering as a degradation, was the source of their highest pleasures : they were giving the strongest proofs of filial affection, they were returning some part of the debt they had contracted with their late munificent father.

In a country so bountiful as Jamaica, the necessaries of life were easily procured ; but Lewis and his brother sought for their father those luxuries to which he was still but too much attached.

Their little plantation flourished beyond their most sanguine expectations,
and

and bestowed an ample reward on their pious industry. The next year they increased their quantity of land, and had again the most abundant crops. They now found it necessary to employ more servants, but slavery contaminated not their labours. The generous youths gave them emancipation, and then hired them, leaving them so far masters of themselves, as to be able to leave their situation whenever it became unpleasant.

Increasing wealth did not, in Lewis and Archibald, create avarice, or nurture pride; on the contrary, they were equally moderate in their desires, and affable and courteous in their manners. Their servants, unaccustomed to such kind treatment as they now experienced,

were as much attached to them from affection, as from duty.

In the course of twenty years, by their industry, upright integrity, and the blessings of Heaven, they acquired a very large fortune, and now, with their father, returned to England. There they lived, not to squander, but to enjoy their wealth; to taste the only real delight wealth can impart, that of assisting the needy, and comforting the afflicted.

Mr. Jeffries lived not long after his return to England, and on his death-bed, calling his sons and friends around him, he spoke to them thus: “Twenty
 “ years have I been supported by the
 “ industry of my sons; who have much
 “ more than repaid, whatever they may
 “ have received from me. They have
 “ been resigned in adversity, cheerful
 “ in

“ in the midst of affliction, have pa-
 “ tiently borne with all my infirmities,
 “ and have been the unshaken props of
 “ my old age. Heaven has looked
 “ upon them with its most favouring
 “ eye, and has amply rewarded their
 “ exemplary virtue. May their sons
 “ deserve, and receive from them such
 “ praises as, even now, it is my delight
 “ to bestow ! In the midst of plenty,
 “ even when fortune smiled upon me,
 “ I never experienced half the real plea-
 “ sure the worth of my children has
 “ imparted to my heart. Oh, deserving
 “ objects of my fondest affection, re-
 “ ceive my blessing ; accept all the gra-
 “ titude a parent can bestow ! ” Here
 he ceased, the shades of death closed his
 eyes, and he sunk to eternal repose.

As soon as Lewis and Archibald had paid the last duties to their father, they hastened to Mr. Briant, whom they considered as a second parent, to testify to him that gratitude which warmed their bosoms. It was to him they owed the early culture of their hearts; it was he who had first led them to the paths of virtue, and taught them those useful exercises, which, as they are conducive to the support of man, no one ought to be ashamed to perform. The mutability of human affairs may convince us, that he who is born to riches is not always secure of their possession. Some unlooked-for storm may blast his fairest prospects; some unexpected misfortune destroy his dearest hopes. How helpless, how contemptible is the state of that man, who is bereaved of
plea-

pleasures whose loss he has not fortitude to support, nor knowledge sufficient to regain ! Ignorant of every thing useful, of every thing which makes the real boast of man, he sinks to the grave unpitied and unlamented. But, on the contrary, what can misfortune take from those, who, like Lewis and Archibald, are capable of supporting themselves under every adversity ; who are not influenced by that false shame which disdains what is useful, because it is menial. Poverty can take but little from those who are temperate and industrious. Heaven seldom fails to reward the labours of virtue, and its blessing is more peculiarly promised to those, who, in all trials, pursue the road of integrity and honour.

Virtue shall live when riches fade away,
When splendour sinks ;—the bauble of a day!

JENNY was one day sitting at the door of her father's cottage, when a gentleman's carriage passed. As there was a gate at a little distance, she ran to open it, and a young lady in the coach threw her a shilling. She hastily picked it up, her eyes sparkling with joy ; she had never before possessed such a sum, and now imagined she should be able to gratify all her wishes. She stood for some minutes gazing upon her treasure : her first idea was, in what manner it would be best to dispose of it ; and thus she argued the matter with herself. " Suppose I should lay this money up ; I " can look at it as often as I like, and " it

" it will always be mine. Yet, what
 " should I be the better for that? I
 " should only be like the great 'Squire;
 " who, they say, locks up his money
 " and would never spend a farthing of
 " it if he could help it, though he is so
 " rich. No, no. I will be wiser than
 " he is. The fair is coming, so I will
 " buy a new green gown, and a blue
 " riband for my head. Blue, do I say?
 " I think pink will be best with green.
 " Well that I must consider more about.
 " —To be sure pink is apt to fade. If I
 " could also have a new pair of shoes I
 " should be more complete. I must,
 " however, save something to buy gin-
 " gerbread. Ah! ah! I shall make
 " the most of my money. Dolly Per-
 " kins won't know me when I get my
 " new things on; and one will say,

“ Why, sure this is not Jenny Maple !
 “ Look at her new gown !” says ano-
 “ ther. And then Peggy Sawyer will
 “ observe my riband, for she loves a
 “ smart riband, I have heard her say,
 “ more than any thing. Well, never
 “ was any thing so lucky as my going
 “ to that gate ; my fortune to be sure is
 “ made.” Just had she finished this
 eloquent harangue as she reached home ;
 her mother desired her to mind her
 work, and not lose her time in running
 about ; but instead of answering, Jen-
 ny only shewed her money. She could
 think of nothing but her shilling during
 the day, and was so fearful of any ac-
 cident by which she should lose it, that
 she awoke two or three times in the
 night to satisfy herself it was safe ; for
 she had put it in a piece of paper under
 her

her pillow. The next morning, instead of attending as usual, to her business, her head was full of the finery her riches would procure her. Every thing went wrong, Jenny was idle, and her mother was angry. She took her work, and sat down to spin; but she left off so often to contemplate her treasure, that when evening came she had not finished her task. This occasioned her another severe reprimand, and being sent supperless to bed.

The next morning she had some eggs to carry to a shop at a small town about two miles distant. As she was walking along, determining whether her riband should be blue, or pink, and not regarding where she walked, she stumbled over a stone, and fell. What a terrible disaster! every egg was broken! She
dared

dared not to return to her mother, yet she had now no occasion to continue her walk. She took her empty basket, and sitting down under a hedge, wept bitterly. "Ah," said she, "I used to think "if people were rich they must be "happy! but I now find I was very "much mistaken; for ever since I have "had this money, nothing but disasters "have happened to me. If I had not "been thinking so much about it, I "should not have tumbled, and might "now have been happy: I should not "have gone without my supper last "night, and my mother would not have "scolded me. What does it signify "whether I have this gown or a new "one, when I am crying, and afraid to "go home?"

She

She had not been sitting long, when a poor lame beggar passed by. What few cloaths he had, were hanging in tatters, and he told her he had not tasted a morsel of victuals since the preceding day. Jenny was good tempered, and had always pitied those poor creatures, she could not relieve: but now she had it in her power to do more than pity them. "If," said she to herself, "I was to give this poor man my shilling, he wants it more than I do, because I have had a good breakfast ---but then, I can buy no new things." Here she paused for some minutes, undetermined what to do. At length, she nobly resolved to part with her money. "I have heard my father read in the bible," said she, "of good people who did not care what
 " they

“ they wore, or what they suffered, if
 “ they could make others happy ; and
 “ even very often would go without vic-
 “ tuals themselves, that they might feed
 “ the hungry.” She took the shilling
 in her hand, and holding it out, said,
 “ Here friend, take this, and I wish
 “ you good luck with it.” The beggar
 returned her a thousand thanks, and
 loading her with blessings, crawled on.
 “ Perhaps now,” said she, “ this man
 “ will have a very comfortable dinner.
 “ How glad I am I gave him my mo-
 “ ney !”

The recollection of the benevolent
 action she had performed, for some mi-
 nutes banished from her thoughts every
 idea of her recent misfortune ; till, ob-
 serving her basket, the dread of her mo-
 ther's displeasure again filled her eyes
 with

with tears. At length she arose to go, determined if she could obtain forgiveness this time, she would in future be more careful. She proceeded with slow and sorrowful steps, but was presently overtaken by Mr. Seamore, the curate of the village. As soon as he saw her in tears, he inquired the reason: this inquiry renewed all her grief, and it was some minutes before her sobs would suffer her to explain their cause. This, however, at length, she did, without concealing any thing, except the manner in which she had disposed of her shilling. When she had ended, "such," said he, "is in general the consequence of vanity; and I hope, Jenny, you have now been taught a lesson you will not easily forget. Be assured whenever you suffer a motive of pride

" to

“ to influence your bosom, you will neg-
 “ lect the duties of your station, and
 “ therefore must be wretched. Poverty,
 “ to the industrious and contented, is
 “ not a state of misery ; it is only idle-
 “ ness and folly which make it so.
 “ You learn from the scriptures, which
 “ you read to me every Sunday, that the
 “ great Saviour of mankind, the Son of
 “ God, was clad in the plainest manner.
 “ He travelled to preach his doctrine,
 “ not in sumptuous carriages, but in the
 “ barks of poor fishermen, or else on
 “ foot. His diet was simple, his man-
 “ ners affable and meek ; and very
 “ often this pattern of every virtue had
 “ not a place to rest his head. His dis-
 “ ciples also were poor, though virtu-
 “ ous ; and instead of being ashamed
 “ of their poverty, many of them refu-
 “ sed

“ sed every means of becoming rich.
 “ They knew that God would regard
 “ their actions, and their hearts, and
 “ not whether they were clad in costly,
 “ or mean apparel. You see, therefore,
 “ that poverty has in itself no cause for
 “ shame. If you perform your duty,
 “ you may be equally happy, and I am
 “ inclined to think much happier, than
 “ many of the rich. But how do you
 “ at last intend to dispose of your mo-
 “ ney ?

“ I gave it, Sir,” answered Jenny,
 “ to a poor beggar, who seemed in
 “ very great distress.”—Just at that mo-
 ment they overtook the man who had
 been the object of her bounty. He was
 sitting by the side of the road, eating a
 piece of bread and cheese. He arose at
 sight of Mr. Seamore, and bowing, said,
 “ O, Sir,

“ O, Sir, to that little angel I am in-
 “ debted for this refreshment. I have
 “ not tasted a morsel till now, since
 “ yesterday, and I was almost dying
 “ with hunger when she bestowed a
 “ shilling upon me.” Mr. Seamore gave
 the man something more, and then
 with his little companion walked on.
 He looked earnestly at her for some mi-
 nutes, and then said, “ No, Jenny,
 “ your noble conduct shall not go unre-
 “ warded ; I had determined not to
 “ avert your mother’s anger, by repair-
 “ ing the loss of your eggs, because I
 “ thought your pride and vanity deserved
 “ punishment. I now, however, re-
 “ tract my resolution. ‘ Your conduct
 “ to this man shews you have a heart
 “ which would do credit to any situa-
 “ tion ; a heart, which, I trust is sensi-
 “ ble

" ble of its errors. Think no more of
 " your eggs, I will take care your mother
 " shall not feel their loss." So saying,
 he walked home with her, and after re-
 lating every circumstance of her conduct,
 and bestowing the highest commenda-
 tions on her benevolence, he paid Mrs.
 Maple what she had expected to receive
 for her eggs. Nor was this all---he took
 Jenny home with him, and put her un-
 der the care of his house keeper, a
 worthy woman, who taught her reading,
 writing, and plain work ; and also in-
 structed her in domestic affairs. Jenny
 was as happy as virtue could make her;
 she grew up dutiful to her parents, and
 thankful to her Creator for the blessings
 bestowed upon her. Her gratitude to
 Mr. Seamore increased with her in-
 creasing years. Through his interest
 she

she acquired a comfortable situation as waiting maid to a lady in the neighbourhood. Here her good conduct gained her universal esteem; and she found by experience, that to be truly respectable depends not on the appearance but the heart.

Oh let not pleasure tempt thee with her smile !
The treach'rous goddess wooes but to beguile :
Her silken snares o'er pois'nous weeds are spread,
And sad repentance follows in her tread,
Ah then, let prudence whisper in thine ear,
And bid thy yielding heart, in time, beware.

PARTICULAR business obliged the tutor of Edgar and Florentine to leave them for a few days : but as he wished them to be profitably employed during his absence, he left each a portion of Ovid's Metamorphoses to learn, and told them he hoped at his return he should find they had not spent their time in idleness. The two boys made the fairest promises, and assured Mr.

Fraſier he ſhould have no cauſe to be diſſatisfied with them.

As ſoon as they were left to themſelves, Edgar propoſed a walk; to which Florentine conſented, ſaying, “It is impoſſible to ſtudy to-day: let us enjoy our liberty, and to-morrow we will riſe early, and make amends for loſt time.” They accordingly ſet out, and fauntered till dinner time; the reſt of the day they were rowing about their father’s pond; too much occupied to think of ſtudy. They went to bed, however, with the reſolution of riſing early; and accordingly deſired George, their father’s man, to call them. But when he came the next morning they were both ſo ſleepy, that they forgot their tasks, and the clock ſtruck nine whiſt they were dreſſing. During their breakfast

breakfast a poor blind fiddler came to the window, and begged charity. "Dear!" said Edgar, "how I should admire a dance! Juliana, would you like it?" Juliana said "yes," and accordingly they made a party, and began dancing. After this exercise, which they continued some time, they went into the summer house to rest themselves, and their attention was wholly occupied by some young birds, which Edgar had taken from the nest, and was endeavouring to rear. In the afternoon they attended their sisters on a visit to one of their little neighbours, and thus was the second day passed. "Well," said Edgar, when he went to bed, "I am determined to study to-morrow, so I will put my book under my pillow."

Florentine agreed to do the same,
 “for,” said he, “Mr. Frazier will cer-
 “tainly be very angry if he finds we
 “have not obeyed him. ’Tis very un-
 “lucky that just at this time we should
 “have so much business. To-morrow
 “I must mend my kite, or I shall have
 “it quite spoiled.”

“And I,” cried Edgar, “must go to
 “the shop to buy some marbles. Well!
 “if we cannot study to-morrow, we
 “must the next day, that is all. When
 “once we set about it, we shall soon
 “accomplish it.”

The next day, however, and the next
 they found sufficient to divert them
 from study: for the idle will always
 have some pretext for their folly, and
 go on deferring what they ought to
 do, till the time is past which they can
 call

call their own. A week had their tutor been absent, when, one evening as they were playing before the house, they saw him coming at a little distance; this reminded them of their tasks, and instead of stopping to welcome him home, they ran to seek their books; but they were mislaid, and after running into several rooms, and inquiring of every servant, they could no where find them. They then searched the summer house--but all in vain. They hurried back again to the house, and lest Mr. Fraiser should see them, they went through the kitchen. Upstairs they crept to their father's study; tossed the things about, and threw the books some this way, and others that---but to little purpose. They were then proceeding to look elsewhere, when Edgar cried, "Brother, a thought

"has this moment entered my head. Let
 "us get our hats, and creep out softly;
 "we will walk till supper, our tutor
 "will not know but we were out when
 "he returned. It will then be so late
 "he will not ask about our tasks to-night,
 "and to-morrow we can get them be-
 "fore he rises."

"What, without the books?" cried
 Florentine.

"Oh! we shall find them; never
 "fear," said his brother.

They then immediately hastened
 through the garden, creeping close to
 the trees and bushes, lest any one should
 see them; and then went into those
 paths they thought least frequented. As
 their only wish was to escape observa-
 tion, they hastened along, regardless
 whither, till the dusky tints of evening
 began

began to appear. These warned them to return, but still fearful they should be home too soon, they loitered along, and having, without knowing it, taken a wrong turn, every step was carrying them farther from their house. It was now nearly dark, when, very much terrified, they perceived their mistake. "Oh ! what shall we do?" said Florentine. "What will become of us !"

"I am sure I know not," replied Edgar. "But let us return this way."

They then took hold of each other's hand, and went a little farther, but presently both tumbled over some brambles. They got up, though very much scratched and hurt, and began to cry and lament the folly which had caused their troubles.

“ Oh,” said Edgar, “ that we had
 “ but learned our tasks ! then we should
 “ have been happy at home with Papa
 “ and Mama.” The cold evening air
 pinched them very much, and they
 were exceedingly hungry. Presently
 they saw, at a little distance, a light ;
 this revived their hopes, and they en-
 deavoured to go towards it, as they sup-
 posed it proceeded from some cottage.
 They were, however, mistaken, and
 after getting several falls over the bushes,
 were obliged to relinquish their attempt,
 for it was only a vapour which arose
 from the neighbouring fens. Tired,
 half famished with hunger, and shaking
 with cold, they were at length obliged
 to sit down under some bushes. They
 wept some time, but growing sleepy,
 they clasped their arms round each
 other's

other's neck, and cried themselves to repose.

In the mean time, their parents, astonished at their not returning, sent servants every way in search of them. Mr. Frazier, too, walked out, in the hope of finding them, but was obliged to return unsuccessful to Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt, whose feelings upon the occasion were agonizing beyond description. All night they sat up, listening to every sound they heard, in hopes it might be their returning children. At length Mr. Wyatt, unable to bear the torture of suspense, joined the search, but with as little success as those he had before sent.

With the first dawn of morning Edgar and Florentine awoke, and getting up looked around them. But what was their astonishment, when they found

F 4 themselves

themselves in the middle of a large common, which they knew was nearly three miles from their father's house. Instantly recollecting the occurrences of the preceding evening, they determined to hasten home, where they arrived about seven o'clock. The moment they entered the hall, their parents flew to meet them, and for some minutes gave way to the joy they felt, at again clasping their children in their arms. They then entered the parlour, and Mr. Wyatt asked the cause of their staying out all night? The crimson glow of shame suffused their countenances, and after a few moments pause, they threw themselves at their father's feet, and confessed the whole affair. Mr. Wyatt bid them rise, but said nothing more till after breakfast, when taking them into his study,

study, he addressed them in the following manner: " Though I highly condemn your idleness, which has brought upon you so much uneasiness, I decline all farther punishment, because I think you have already suffered very severely. Yet I cannot omit the opportunity of giving you some advice, which may deter you from similar faults in future. You say you did not intend wholly to neglect your tasks, you only deferred studying them till another day; which is merely saying you had not resolution to do what you knew was your duty. You were unwilling to bestow the necessary attention which was required, though you felt yourselves culpable in not obeying your tutor's commands; you therefore tried to rest satisfied

“ with the poor evasion of deferring
 “ till to-morrow what ought to have
 “ been accomplished to day. But the
 “ morrow came, and your intention
 “ was again deferred, till you found
 “ that every day as it increased your
 “ difficulties, increased also your idle-
 “ ness and irresolution. Thus what
 “ might at first have been performed
 “ with ease, you suffered, by neglect,
 “ to become the greatest difficulty. To
 “ avoid detection, you had then recourse
 “ to the meanness of deceit ; the incon-
 “ veniencies that deceit has brought
 “ upon you, are too recent to need par-
 “ ticularizing. Let me, however, no-
 “ tice some consequences of your fault,
 “ which seemed to have escaped your
 “ observation : namely, the displea-
 “ sure of that Being whom by your
 “ mis-

" misconduct you have offended, and
 " the agonizing sensations you last
 " night occasioned your mother and
 " myself. Ignorant of what might
 " have befallen you, we have passed
 " the tedious hours in all the horrors
 " of dread and suspense. How you
 " intend to expiate your fault I know
 " not ; but the only atonement which
 " can be acceptable to Heaven, and
 " pleasing to us, is, to avoid a similar
 " conduct in future. And be assured
 " that unless you resolve, and keep
 " firm to your resolution, to overcome
 " the habitual indolence you have some
 " time indulged, there is no saying to
 " what evils you may not be precipi-
 " tated ; for indolence, and want of
 " resolution, are the sources of half
 " the miseries of life. The former will

“ expose its votaries to all the distresses
 “ of poverty ; the latter plunge them in
 “ every species of vice.

Oh let not selfish views thy mind employ,
Which rob the soul of ev'ry purer joy !
Riches are lent—and well employ'd, impart
The first of pleasures to a gen'rous heart.
These joys be thine---nor think of self alone,
But learn in other's blifs, to find thy own.

LORD and Lady Egerton were accustomed to spend their summer-months at some bathing-place. It so happened this year that they went to Yarmouth, a pleasant sea-port on the coast of Norfolk. Clement and Celestina, their two eldest children, accompanied them; and were highly delighted with the beautiful scenes the sea afforded. It was about the beginning of
June;

June; and the children used to ramble whole hours on the shore, picking up shells, sea-weeds, and other marine productions. One fine morning they sallied out as usual, and as they passed a pastry-cook's shop, they were tempted by the appearance of the dainties with which the windows were adorned, to enter, and taste them. In short, they so far indulged their greedy appetites, that they left not the shop till their money was all expended; they then proceeded to the shore, and sat down on a bank of sand which the receding tide had left. Whilst they were sitting they observed two boats coming towards them; one was nearer than the other, but they both looked so beautiful as they glided through the water, that the children expressed an ardent wish to be

be in one of them. That which was nearest soon came on shore, some of the men jumped out, fearless of the waves, and dragged the boat on the sand. Clement and his sister walked up to it, and saw it contained a vast quantity of mackarel, whose beautifully variegated colours appeared more resplendent than any thing they had ever seen. They gazed with equal admiration and astonishment till the other boat was landed. Several people had been waiting its arrival, among the rest, a poor woman, whose loud lamentations seemed to testify some terrible misfortune ; four children stood by her, weeping also, and as the boat drew nearer, their sorrows increased. Clement and Celestina involuntarily left the objects of their recent attention, and proceeded towards
the

the party. As they possessed both good-nature and humanity, they sincerely commiserated the poor woman's grief, though ignorant of its cause. But of this they were soon informed, for two men took out of the boat the corpse of a person who had been accidentally killed. This person was the husband of the wretched woman, who, on seeing the mangled form of one so justly dear to her, gave way to all the paroxysms of the most violent grief, whilst her weeping children clung round her sobbing aloud. She was poor, and now friendless, for she had in her husband lost her only earthly support. As Celestina and her brother contemplated the mournful spectacle, tears started into their eyes: they felt for their purses, but, alas! they were empty. What were

were their feelings at that moment, my little readers, who have experienced the wish of mitigating distress, without having the power, will easily conceive. The feelings, however, of Clement and Celestina were much more acute, since their own folly alone had deprived them of the means. They would gladly have made the greatest sacrifice, to have again in their possession the money they had this morning so lavishly squandered. That, however, was not in their power, and they had the mortification of seeing the poor sufferers walk away, without having any comfort to offer them. Their feelings kept them silent as they returned home, whilst tears of repentant sorrow trickled down their cheeks. They were met, as they passed to their room, by their Mama, who, with

with words of the sweetest tenderness, inquired the cause of their distress. They made no answer, but their tears flowed still faster. She bade them accompany her to the dressing-room, where she repeated her question, and they informed her of all that had passed. " You know, my dear children," said she, " how unwillingly I ever punish you, and " even when obliged to do so, punishment has always ceased when conviction began. In the present instance, " therefore, your own feelings sufficiently " point out your fault, and sufficiently " convince you of how much pleasure " you deprive yourselves, when you forget to reserve some of your wealth for " the poor and unfortunate. The claims " of benevolence can never be neglected " by a good and tender heart without
" in-

"incurring the severest remorse : the
 "truly virtuous will always consider
 "they are not born for themselves
 "alone, but that the indigent have the
 "strongest claims upon them. To
 "some Heaven has given abundance of
 "wealth, whilst others suffer every ex-
 "treme of poverty. The former is your
 "lot ; and, oh, abuse not the gift.
 "Suffer not selfishness and meanness to
 "shut your hearts to the duties of your
 "station ! Your present feelings will,
 "I hope, guard you from future errors ;
 "for I think to see you deaf to the calls
 "of benevolence would break my
 "heart." Here she ceased, and Cle-
 ment and Celestina throwing their arms
 round her neck, promised to be all her
 affection could wish them.

Nor

Nor were the intentions of amendment momentary ; they had felt the pain of self-reproach, and the uneasy sensations of conscious guilt. But they soon obliterated the stain their characters had received ; for no sooner did their Mama give them their pocket-money for the ensuing week, than they hastened with it to the poor woman ; and felt from this action more real delight than the greatest profusion of tarts and cheesecakes could ever bestow. They likewise, in future, reserved some of their money for charitable purposes, and many of the pleasantest hours of their lives were those they spent in assisting the sick and helpless, and softening the rigours of poverty and distress.

What

What storms, what dangers on the sailor wait !
 Whilst lazy grandeur sits enthron'd in state,
 With pamper'd appetite, and listless mind,
 And dooms the toiling wretch to brave the wind,
 The waves---to climb the craggy mountain's side,
 To suffer hurt, and cold, and death, to soothe his
 pride.

Ah, poorly great ! did ye but think aright,
 How would ye turn disgusted from the sight ;
 How soon would own, that industry and worth
 Are nobler far than pomp, and titled birth !

MR. Morton and his son Adrian,
 were walking by the side of the
 Thames observing the vessels, and the
 bustle and business there seemed on the
 wharf, when Adrian stopt to examine
 some very large bundles, which were
 con-

conveying in wherries to a ship at no great distance. Adrian asked his father what they were ? “ They are called “ bales,” said Mr. Morton, “ and contain, most probably, some of the “ manufactures of England ; such as, “ Norwich stuffs, those of Canterbury, “ and of many other places where they “ are made. They are going to Ham- “ burgh, a trading town on the river “ Elbe, in Germany ; but as I have “ some knowledge of the master of this “ ship, we will go on board.” They then stepped into a boat, and in a few minutes reached the vessel. The master happened to be on board, and very civilly invited them into the cabin. Mr. Morton thanked him, but said, he merely wished to let his son see something of the method by which commerce was

was carried on, of which he was wholly ignorant. They then went into the hold, which is that part of the ship where the goods are placed. Adrian was astonished to see with how much regularity every thing was conducted, and what a number of things one ship would contain. Beside the bales of goods which he had before observed, there were several large boxes, which he was informed contained the manufactures of Birmingham and Sheffield--in another part were large casks of porter, and a considerable number of cheeses. Adrian wondered how these great casks were got into the ship: "Sure, Papa," said he, "a dozen men could not lift one of them."--"Very true," replied his father, "but here is a crane, by means of which the greatest weights

“are moved with almost incredible fa-
 “cility.”

“Now, Sir,” said the master of the
 vessel, addressing Adrian, “when I ar-
 “rive at Hamburgh, all these things
 “will be taken out of the ship, and
 “conveyed to the people to whom they
 “are consigned by the merchants in
 “England. I shall then inquire at a
 “place called the ‘Change (which is a
 “large place where people meet to
 “transact business) what gentlemen
 “wish to send any goods to England,
 “to be disposed of in the same manner.
 “What I most usually bring is, wine,
 “raw silk, raisins, spices, prunes, figs,
 “and various other commodities; and
 “thus it is we transact business.”

Adrian thanked him for his information,
 and then went to see other parts of the
 ship.

ship. The cabin he liked very much, but the sailors' hammocks, he thought must be miserable places to sleep in, and the men's lives very uncomfortable.

"As to the beds, Sir," answered the master, "we seldom get into them but
 "when we are so tired we could sleep
 "any where; and in regard to sailors
 "being unhappy, I believe there is no
 "class of people more inclined to be
 "otherwise. To be sure we have a
 "great many hardships and dangers to
 "encounter, and have the prospect of
 "death almost always before us; but
 "from this very circumstance death
 "loses half its terrors, and we endea-
 "vour to live in such a manner, as to
 "be always prepared for it. We do not
 "shrink from every trifle, and both our
 "minds and bodies acquire a degree of
 "strength

“ strength, which is the best support in
 “ every situation. Whilst those who
 “ are accustomed to all the conveni-
 “ ences living on land affords, think,
 “ having their victuals ill-cooked, or the
 “ loss of some expected dainty, the
 “ greatest misfortune, we are contented,
 “ for months together, with a piece of
 “ salt beef, a hard biscuit, and a glass
 “ of water ; but even this, a good ap-
 “ petite makes pleasant, and gives a re-
 “ lish to what those who are pampered,
 “ would look upon with disgust. But
 “ I doubt not, young gentleman, you
 “ will easily determine which is the
 “ worthiest member of society : he, who
 “ is content with a frugal, simple repast,
 “ or he, who deprives half a dozen in-
 “ nocent creatures of their lives, to
 “ deck

“deck his table with a profusion he
“knows not how to enjoy.”

Mr. Morton and his son, after thanking the master for his civility, went on shore. As they returned home, “I
“think, Papa,” said Adrian, “that is
“a very sensible man ; I did not expect
“to find a master of a ship know so
“much.”

Mr. Morton. “Why as to that, Adrian,
“I see no reason why knowledge should
“be precluded one class of people any
“more than another : a little more acquaintance with the world will convince you that it is not. There are but
“two ways of acquiring knowledge ;
“either by books, or by observations
“upon, and converse with mankind.
“It is in general best when these means
“are united ; but the latter will often,

“ where the understanding is strong,
 “ effect the purposes of the former,
 “ without its labour. The man, from
 “ whom we have just parted, has an
 “ understanding of the first order, and
 “ though his education has been some-
 “ what confined, the liberality of his
 “ heart, the clearness and precision
 “ with which he sees things, and the
 “ various scenes of life in which he is
 “ accustomed to mix, have given him a
 “ superiority, which justly ranks him
 “ among the higher order of beings.
 “ His reading has not been extensive,
 “ but what he has read, have been
 “ chosen authors, and with these few he
 “ is become so conversant, that he has
 “ formed his ideas from the purest mo-
 “ dels. Had he, with such a mind,
 “ been early instructed in literature, and
 “ led

" led into the pleasing paths of science,
 " he would have been one of the wisest
 " and most learned men ; as he is, how-
 " ever, he is a very intelligent person,
 " and never do I converse with him,
 " without feeling the sincerest wish that
 " I could enjoy more of his company.

" How apt, my dear Adrian, are we
 " to forget the obligations we are under
 " to our fellow-creatures, how much we
 " depend upon others for support, and
 " how blameable those people are, who
 " look on the lower ranks of life with
 " contempt ! When we recollect what
 " storms the sailor encounters, to pro-
 " cure us many of the superfluities of
 " life ; what toil and labour are neces-
 " sary to produce even the bread we
 " eat, we can never treat with too much

“ kindness those to whom we are so
 “ much obliged.

“ You and I, Adrian, are by the
 “ affluence of our situations, exempted
 “ from the labours of life, but we are
 “ not from its duties ; reflect a moment
 “ how many spend their time in con-
 “ tributing to our comforts, and you
 “ will find the higher in life your sta-
 “ tion, the greater are the obligations
 “ you have to society ; and the more it
 “ behoves you to treat with condescen-
 “ sion and humanity, those whom the
 “ wisdom of Providence has placed be-
 “ neath you.”

Ye doating parents, of your charge beware,
The richest soil requires the greatest care.
Ah, then destroy each baneful weed betimes !
Remember this---that faults will grow to crimes,
If no correcting hand, with well-aim'd skill,
Avert their pow'r, and bend the stubborn will.
How oft must reason whisper in your ear,
A blighted spring will make a barren year.

EMMELINE was the daughter of a gentleman of large fortune; she was always dressed in the most elegant manner; her nursery was filled with the most expensive toys, and she had several servants to wait upon her. If she wished for any thing, however absurd in itself, or incapable of pleasing her when ob-

G 4

tained,

tained, yet Emeline must be indulged. Not a servant in the house was suffered to contradict her, and sometimes, if they happened to displease her, she would scratch and beat them in the most violent manner. Notwithstanding her finery, and her superfluity of toys, notwithstanding she had every thing at her command which riches could procure, and every one was striving to make her happy, she was a most miserable little girl. Her tyrannical temper made her universally disliked, even by those who were obliged to be subservient to her, and her fretfulness and ill humour was a constant thorn in her own bosom.

At the entrance of her father's park stood the lodge, which was inhabited by a poor man who had also one daughter. Little Jenny was one of the best
tem-

tempered girls in the world ; she was never seen crying and out of humor like Emmeline, but, on the contrary, was civil and obliging to every body. There was not a servant at the hall but loved her as if she had been their own child ; and never did they go down to the lodge, but they were sure to carry her an apple, or a piece of plum-cake, or something nice in their pockets. It frequently happened that Jenny was sent for to play with Emmeline, which she did not like at all, for the young lady was so whimsical it was impossible to please her, and frequently would desire Jenny to do what was very improper. On such occasions she would never comply ; for though she paid the haughty little girl every respect which was due to her rank, she never forgot what was due to her-

self: well knowing that a wrong action
 is equally culpable, whether the person
 who tempts us to commit it, be poor
 or rich. If in their play they happened
 to break any thing, Emmeline would
 desire Jenny to say it was one of the
 servants who did it; and when she re-
 fused to be guilty of so wicked an ac-
 tion, Emmeline would put herself in a
 violent passion, and frequently beat her.
 In short it is not to be conceived how
 disagreeable she made herself. She was
 also very ignorant; she could neither
 read, nor write; for though she had
 several masters, not one of them attended
 her more than three or four lessons.
 Mrs. Gordon would not permit her to
 be reprimanded, and no one could long
 endure her unrestrained insolence. She
 was therefore unacquainted with the
 most

most common branches of learning, and when Jenny, who was nearly of the same age, could read very well, Emmeline scarcely knew her letters. Jenny was one day as usual sent for to the hall, and when she arrived she found the young lady in the parlour with her Papa and Mama, who were endeavouring to divert her by a great variety of very pretty prints, which they had sent for from London. She looked at them a little time, and then being tired, tossed them away. Jenny took one to look at, when Emmeline snatching it from her, asked her how she dared touch it? "I beg your pardon, Miss Emmeline," said she, "but I was only going to look at it."

Emmeline. "And who gave you leave? to be sure you are a mighty
G 6 " fine

“ fine lady with your stuff gown to give
 “ yourself such airs.”

Jenny. “ I thought, Miss Emmeline,
 “ you sent for me to play with you,
 “ and not to laugh at my dress ; it is the
 “ best my father and mother can afford,
 “ and I am much obliged to them for
 “ it ; many very good little girls have
 “ much worse.”

Emmeline. “ Well, to be sure they
 “ must be very good, if they have not
 “ a gown.”

Jenny. “ Can people’s dress, Miss,
 “ make any difference in their good-
 “ ness ?”

Emmeline. “ Oh I do not know :
 “ pray don’t ask me such questions.
 “ Come let us go and play.”

They then went into the garden, ac-
 companied by a servant, for Emmeline

was

was never suffered to move without one. As they were running about, Emmeline happened to fall, and scratch her arm against a gooseberry bush. She immediately began to cry and shriek so loud, that in a few minutes her Papa, Mama, and half the servants came running to see what was the matter. Mrs. Gordon chided the servant very much for the accident, though she well knew it was in no servant's power to prevent her daughter's doing what she liked. Mr. Gordon took her in his arms, and carried her into the house; but it was some hours before she could be pacified. Such was this child, whom unbounded indulgence had totally spoiled, for Emmeline had not naturally bad dispositions. With increasing years, her faults increased also, and her parents then began

gan to see, and lament the folly of their conduct. Every pleasure, every comfort of their lives was totally destroyed. They could not enjoy their own home from the wretched temper of their daughter, nor were they happier when abroad, as their fears for her safety were ever awake. They knew no one could controul her, and that however dangerous what she had a fancy for, that she would do. They were invited to spend a month at a gentleman's seat at some miles distance. Not without great reluctance did they accept the invitation; but at length it was determined Jenny should stay with Emmeline during their absence. Poor Jenny dreaded the persecution she knew she must endure, and when she put on her bonnet to go to the hall, she could not help crying.

The

The first day of her visit was spent much as usual; but the second, Emmeline was, if possible, more ill-tempered than ever; and Jenny, tired beyond all endurance, thus addressed her: “ Miss Emmeline, I am come here, not because I wish it, but because your Mama has desired it; do not therefore think that I will be treated in this manner. I know that I am poor, and you are rich; but yet, Miss Emmeline, I would not change situations with you. Of what use to you is your rank, but to enable you to torment others, and to make every one as unhappy as yourself? I do not believe the poorest beggar suffers more than you do. You have riches, but you do not know how to enjoy them, and

“ though

“ though you call yourself great; no-
 “ body loves you.”

This was language Emmeline had never before heard; she would have uttered the effusions of her passion, but shame kept her silent. She felt a sensation she had never experienced; an inferiority wholly new. How much did this little peasant appear superior to herself? how was all her boasted consequence dwindled to nothing?

Such is the power of virtue, that even the wicked are awed by it. From that time Emmeline felt a veneration for Jenny she knew not how to account for. She saw how happy she always appeared, how much she was beloved, and in short, how different she was in every respect to herself. These reflections first convinced her of her folly, in
 ima-

imagining she could ever be happy, if she was not good. She resolved to imitate the conduct she could not but admire, and, if possible, to become amiable. But she found this a very hard task; she had not only virtues to acquire, but faults to conquer which "had grown with her growth, and "strengthened with her strength." But yet, though it was difficult, it was not impossible; she told her resolution to Jenny, who could scarcely contain the raptures she felt at hearing this declaration; and she thought Emmeline had never appeared so lovely as in that moment. Her countenance was no longer clouded by frowns and tears; she began to feel what happiness virtue can bestow, and that it is she alone who makes us truly great.

Very

Very often did she relapse into her former habits, but reflection, by pointing out their folly, and experience, by shewing their misery, fortified her mind to resist their attacks; Jenny too was near, and assisted her to conquer them. Hitherto the profusion of money, which the too great indulgence of her parents had allowed her, had been spent in cakes, sugar plums, and toys; but now, a new source of delight was opened to her; she tasted the charms of benevolence, and her bosom was warmed by the emanations of charity. The poor of the village saw in her a rising benefactress, and the widow and the orphan prayed for her happiness. The servants too, whom she now treated in a very different manner, respected her as much, as they had before despised her; and

and every one was eager to wait upon, and oblige her. As for Jenny, by whose example and advice the little tyrant had been reclaimed (for it was she who had taught her to pray Heaven to assist her good intentions) it is impossible to say with what warmth of affection she loved her. Her stay at the hall was no longer disagreeable to her, no longer occasioned dread and uneasiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been persuaded by their friends to extend their visit a month longer. So uncomfortable was their own home, that they agreed to it with much less reluctance than they would otherwise have done. Two months, therefore, they had been absent, when they began to prepare for their return. The pleasure they would have felt in seeing Emmeline after this
long

long absence, was much damped by the consciousness how ill she deserved their affection: yet themselves only had they to blame; for her heart was good, and naturally inclined to virtue; but so destructive are the consequences of unrestrained indulgence, that human nature is vitiated by it.

The first glance Emmeline caught of the carriage among the trees, her heart began to beat with unusual sensations. She felt the painful emotions of conscious shame; she knew how ill she had requited the tenderness of her parents, and after a struggle with some few remaining sparks of pride, she determined to confess her faults, and entreat her parents' forgiveness. As soon as they entered the house, she expressed in a manner very different from her former habits.

the

the joy she felt at seeing them. They clasped her to their bosoms, and looked at each other in silent astonishment. They now began to display the profusion of toys, which they had brought her home, and asked her how she liked them ? She made no answer, but bursting into an agony of tears, threw herself on her knees before them, and declared her conduct had hitherto made her unworthy their goodness, but she would in future endeavour to deserve it more.

Inexpressible were the raptures of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, they could not find words to declare their feelings, but each endeavoured to exceed the other in the most affectionate caresses. She now constituted their happiness as truly as she had before been the cause of

2

their

their sorrow. Her bad habits had been too long indulged to yield to any thing but time and resolution ; yet her relapses were short, and the contrition she felt, was her best security against their return. When her parents were informed it was to Jenny they were in a great measure indebted for their daughter's reformation, they determined their gratitude should equal her virtue.

Emmeline had very soon a worthy woman provided as a governess for her, to whom she was docile, obedient, and attentive ; and made so rapid a progress in her studies, that she astonished all who had known her former ignorance. Jenny was kept at the hall, and shared in the pleasure and instructions of her friend, to whom she every day became dearer.

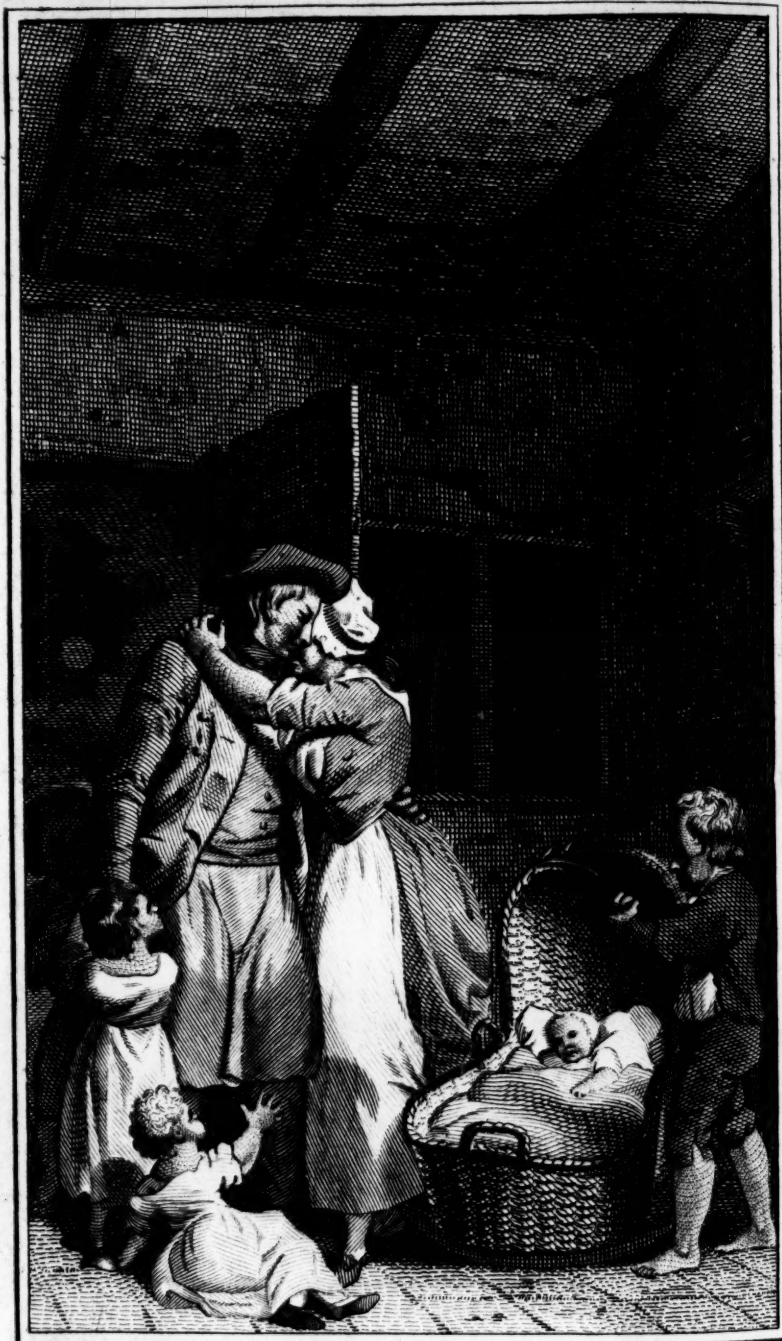
From

From this story, my little readers may learn the benign influence of virtue. Vain are riches, vain the boast of power without it! They can never raise any one so high as virtue.

Let them consider Emmeline and Jenny. How much was the latter, though cloathed in the simplest manner, superior to her haughty friend, even when decked in the most costly attire! Let none then despise poverty, it is often found the residence of virtue. Let them pay to merit what is always its due, though found in the humblest walks of life. And let every one remember there is no real superiority but that of goodness; and that it is equally the part of wisdom and virtue, to efface the wild inequality, the distinctions

distinctions paid alone to rank and riches, which pride and folly have introduced into the world.

THE FISHERMAN.



"His Wife in a moment sprang into his arms, and bursting into tears of joy, relieved her oppressed bosom;"

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Keen blows the storm, the angry billows rise,
Each foaming mountain seems to meet the skies.
Death leaves his cave---sounds in the sailor's ear,
And bids his daring bosom yield to fear.
He sees with terror each o'erwhelming wave
Prepar'd to hurl him to a wat'ry grave.
His wife, his children, to his bosom dear,
Now claim the sad, but unavailing tear ;
He calls upon them with his latest breath,
E'en as he sinks into the shades of death.

A POOR fisherman who lived on the
Kentish coast had six children.
His wife was active and laborious, and
he was industrious. Though they were
very poor, yet by the providence of
Heaven, and their own prudence, they
had been secure from want. Whenever

Jacob (for that was the man's name) came home from fishing, he found his wife ready to receive him, his cottage neat, and his children rejoicing at his return. It sometimes happened that he was out several days, and it was after he had been absent about this time, in the middle of the month of December, that his wife anxiously expected his return. The cold east wind blew, and the snow fell so fast, that the ground was in a short time covered with it. The woman made a good fire, and fetching a piece of fish, put it in the pot, that it might be immediately ready when her husband returned. She went to a hill near the house to see if she could descry the well-known sail; but the snow thickened the air so much, she could discover nothing. Night came; but

but Jacob returned not.—The children anxiously inquired why he was so long, and every sound they heard, they fancied his footsteps ; but in vain they inquired, in vain they looked out ! the night was exceedingly dark, the wind roared like thunder, and the loud dashing of the billows added to the dismal scene. It is impossible to describe the feelings of Dinah during this dreadful night : suspense and dread filled her soul. The moments crept slowly away, and in the morning all that she saw seemed to confirm what she dreaded. The shore was strewn with pieces of wreck, and several dead bodies were taken up ; among the rest, a sailor, whom every one believed was Jacob, though the face was so much bruised and disfigured, it was impossible to ascertain

the fact. The grief of Dinah for some time refused all consolation ; her children clung round her, begged her not to cry, and said they hoped their father would soon come to comfort her. “ Oh,” said she, “ he will never re-
 “ turn any more ! Who will ever help
 “ to maintain us as he has done ?
 “ Many a time has he pinched himself
 “ to supply us. Oh, my poor, dear
 “ husband ! to die in such a dreadful
 “ manner, without having any one to
 “ speak a word of comfort to you.”

Some of her neighbours tried to persuade her that there was yet room for hope ; but day after day passed, and she received no tidings. Extreme poverty, at any time dreadful, was now more so from the inclemency of the season. The sharp frost pinched them, and they
 had

had scarcely any fire to warm their benumbed limbs; they were hungry, but their scanty morsel did not satisfy their appetites. To add to their miserable situation, their landlord threatened to seize all they possessed, if the rent was not paid. Dinah had not an earthly friend to whom she could apply for assistance, and she had no prospect but that of becoming a naked wanderer with six starving children. But Heaven, who mercifully watches over all its creatures, and whose power is able to deliver us from the extremest wretchedness, looked with an eye of pity on these sufferers.

As Dinah was one evening lamenting over her unfortunate offspring, somebody knocked at the door; the eldest boy rose to open it.—Guess the rapture, the joy, the unspeakable delight of this

little family, when Jacob entered the house. His wife in a moment sprang into his arms, and bursting into tears of joy, relieved her oppressed bosom; the children jumped about in ecstasies, and the countenance of Jacob testified the most lively emotions. As soon they had given some vent to joy and surprise, Dinah was eager to know the cause of her husband's long absence, which had been productive of so much misery. "I had gone out to sea," replied he, "farther than usual, as I had had
 "but bad success, when I found a very
 "tempestuous night coming on; and
 "before I could shift the sails, a sudden
 "squall almost overset the boat. I was
 "driven along at an amazing rate by
 "the wind, and the waves which run
 "mountains high, broke over me so
 "often,

“ often, that I expected every moment
 “ to be swallowed up. I endeavoured to
 “ steer towards a creek at about a league
 “ distance, but was not able. Whilst
 “ I was thus tossed about, a person
 “ swam by; I endeavoured to catch hold
 “ of him, and being driven by a wave
 “ nearer to him, providentially effected
 “ my purpose. It was some time before
 “ he recovered sufficiently to inform
 “ me that he was captain of an East
 “ Indiaman, which had been wrecked,
 “ and but for the goodness of Heaven,
 “ and my assistance, he must have shared
 “ the same fate as the rest of his compa-
 “ nions. After passing a dreadful night,
 “ we found ourselves in the morning
 “ near the coast of France, and to in-
 “ crease our calamities, we were over-
 “ taken by a privateer, who easily made

“us prisoners. We were carried to
 “Boulogne, and cast into prison, where
 “we remained till last week ; when
 “Captain Thomson, by means of his
 “friends, not only procured his own
 “release, but mine. He took me with
 “him to England, where I no sooner
 “arrived, than I hastened to you.”

Here the man ceased, and his wife re-
 collecting her recent afflictions, said,
 “Ah, my dear Jacob, you know not
 “what you come to. The 'squire has
 “threatened to send a bailiff into the
 “house, if we do not pay our rent ;
 “and that is impossible at present.”

“Do not distress yourself about that,”
 replied her husband.

“Not distress myself !” cried Dinah ;
 “why Jacob how you talk !”

“ See

“ See here,” said he, pulling out a purse which contained several guineas, “ see what I possess ; besides a bank “ note ! This is what my worthy cap- “ tain presented me with before he left “ me.”

Joy seemed now to overpower Dinah almost as much as her late sorrows ; such unexpected happiness was more like a dream than a reality ; yet it was a dream too delightful to be forgotten. They now paid their landlord, and were not only restored to their former comforts, but from this temporary deprivation of them, were more than ever sensible of their value.

Danger oft lurks beneath the fairest flow'r,
As serpents twine around the honey'd bow'r.
Let prudence, then, thy youthful footsteps guide,
And sacred wisdom o'er each act preside !
So shalt thou pass thro' life's uneven road,
The chosen fav'rite of the wise and good.

MARCELLUS as he stood in the parlour heard a loud buzzing noise, and he looked about some minutes before he perceived what it was which occasioned it ; at length he discovered a fly entangled in a cobweb, and close by, the spider itself, exulting over the prey it was beginning to devour. Marcellus was struck with detestation at beholding such tyranny ; he jumped
3 upon

upon the window seat, and endeavoured to pull the cobweb down, but he could not reach it. He then took a stool which belonged to his sister Emma, which stood in one corner of the room, and placing it on the window-seat, he got upon it, and seized the object of his resentment. He threw it upon the carpet, and having crushed it with his foot, exclaimed, "you wicked creature! if I could see a thousand of you, I would kill you all in the same manner."

But, alas! in his eagerness to destroy the spider, he had also crushed the fly, which he did not immediately perceive. He was exceedingly sorry when he found what he had done, and running with tears in his eyes to his Papa, he communicated to him the whole affair.

“ Poor fly !” said Mr. Marshall.
“ He has, however, suffered less than
“ he would have done if left to the mer-
“ ciless power of his tyrant.”

Marcellus. “ I wonder, Papa, you ever
“ suffer spiders to be in your house.”

Mr. M. “ Indeed I am not sur-
“ prized that you are struck with ab-
“ horrence of their savage dispositions;
“ for they seem to be possessed of a
“ wonderful degree of art and cunning.
“ But tell me, did you never see flies
“ destroyed by any other means than
“ the cruelty of spiders ?”

Marcellus. “ Why yes, Papa, I can-
“ not say but I have ; for yesterday,
“ when I asked Betty for some honey
“ upon my bread, she took down the
“ honey-pot, and in it there was such a
“ vast number of flies, you would have
“ been

“ been astonished to see them. Some
“ were quite dead, and others were
“ scrambling about as if they were try-
“ ing to get out ; several of them with
“ struggling had lost their legs and
“ wings.”

Mr. M. “ But which must you
“ blame for this ; the honey, or the
“ flies ?”

Marcellus. “ Oh the flies, to be sure,
“ Papa. If they had not jumped into
“ the honey-pot, I do not think the
“ honey-pot would have jumped to
“ them.”

As Marcellus finished this speech, he
could not help smiling at the conceit ;
and his father, after pausing a few mi-
nutes, said, “ And may not the same
“ observation be made in regard to the
“ spider, who, though she spun her
“ web

“ web as a snare, yet had not the fly
 “ heedlessly entangled himself in its
 “ slimy substance, she would have spun
 “ in vain ? And thus, my dear Mar-
 “ cellus, it will ever be, not only in
 “ regard to insects, and inferior crea-
 “ tures, but also to the human race.
 “ Those who suffer themselves to be at-
 “ tracted by what either tempts the eye,
 “ or the appetite, from the paths of
 “ prudence, will in the end suffer the
 “ punishment due to their folly. It
 “ is always right carefully to examine
 “ before we proceed ; life is full of
 “ cobwebs, and destructive sweets, to
 “ entangle the thoughtless and unwary.
 “ To you, who are a child, play may be
 “ called the honey which would seduce
 “ you with its sweets. If you suffer all
 “ your thoughts to be fixed upon that,
 “ if

“ if for it you neglect your studies, are
“ inattentive to the wishes and com-
“ mands of yours parents and preceptor,
“ you will find that you will suffer much
“ more than even the flies. You will
“ struggle through life ignorant of
“ every thing which adorns the man,
“ and forms a truly respectable cha-
“ racter. The mists of ignorance will
“ obscure your sight, and the clouds of
“ error darken your understanding.
“ You perceived that the flies were anxi-
“ ous to get out of the honey, cloyed by
“ the abundance of those sweets which
“ had tempted them to their ruin. And
“ thus it is with the idler. Constant
“ play disgusts, and pleasure, beyond
“ certain bounds, degenerates into pain.
“ In the same manner, if you are al-
“ lured by whatever appears pleasant,
“ you

“ you will also find delusive cobwebs.
“ Only to instance this to you in one
“ occurrence : you remember whilst we
“ were last summer in the country the
“ gardener’s son was most severely stung
“ by some wasps.”

Marcellus. “ Yes, Papa, I do ; and
“ likewise that his father, instead of
“ being vexed at it, thrashed him heartily.”

Mr. M. “ Well, Marcellus, I observed that too, and inquired why
“ he did so. He told me that he had
“ cautioned his son not to go into that
“ field as there were several wasps’
“ nests which they meant to destroy.
“ Dick, disregarding his father’s advice,
“ and attracted by some beautiful
“ flowers which grew in the field, entered it,
“ and met with the punishment
“ ment

“ment he deserved. He trod upon a
“wasp’s nest, and was, in an instant,
“surrounded by those insects, who
“stung him most severely,

“And now, Marcellus, let the inci-
“dents we have just been discussing,
“furnish you with a lesson which may
“be useful to you all your future life ;
“and henceforth remember, that pru-
“dence and moderation are the pillars
“of safety and health.”

Let

Let no unguarded action wound repose,
From trifling causes sorrow often flows ;
An unkind word may wound the tender heart,
A hasty deed may plant a barbed dart.
Ne'er then let passion give to peace alloy,
Nor wound that breast thou ought'st to fill with joy!

“ **YOU** are a very naughty boy,” said
Frances to her brother Henry,
“ and I will certainly tell Mama.”

“ Oh, pray do ;” replied Henry.
“ You ought to teach your doll to know
“ when I speak to her, and to do what
“ I bid her.”

Frances. “ But you know she can-
“ not hear ; she is only made of wax,
“ and you were very cross to cut her
“ head

“ head off. I can never dress her any
“ more, nor have any more pleasure in
“ playing with her. You said yesterday
“ she should ride in your chaise, but
“ now she has no head she cannot.”

Here the little girl began crying again,
and her Mama soon after entering the
room inquired the cause of her grief.
Frances told her, and said she could not
have thought Henry would have vexed
her so much.

“ And pray,” said Mrs. Carlton, to
her son, “ why have you destroyed your
“ sister’s doll in this ridiculous man-
“ ner ?”

Henry. “ She was the most obstinate
“ little thing you ever saw ; she would
“ not mind me in the least.”

Mrs. Carlton. “ And was that a rea-
“ son for your cutting its head off ?

“ You

“ You knew perfectly well the doll
“ could not feel, and therefore your
“ sister was the only sufferer.”

Henry. “ Oh no, Mama, I did not
“ wish to vex her.”

Mrs. Carlton. “ How can you say so,
“ when you knew how much pleasure
“ this doll used to afford her? You
“ were very certain it would grieve her
“ to have it spoiled.”

Henry. “ I cannot say I thought
“ about that at the time.”

Mrs. Carlton. “ Perhaps you might
“ not, but that is a very poor excuse to
“ Frances for the loss of her doll. I do
“ not know what you think of the
“ grief you have caused her, but I am
“ very angry with you for it, and as a
“ punishment you shall continue in
“ this room all day. I am very much
“ inclined

“inclined to think, if Frances, for a
“similar cause had broken your cart,
“or your wheelbarrow, you would not
“have been reconciled to your loss
“from her merely telling you that she
“did it because they would not mind
“what she said to them.”

Henry made no answer, but looked with a countenance of some resentment at his sister, whom he foolishly considered the cause of his disgrace.

“Come,” said Mrs. Carlton, taking Frances by the hand, “we will leave
“this ill-natured boy to his own reflection.”

They then quitted the room, and walked to a neighbouring cottage. Frances tried to run about, and be merry as usual, but the thoughts of her brother's disgrace took from her all power of enjoyment.

ment. Many beautiful butterflies did she see, but Henry not being present to admire them with her, their colours seemed less brilliant than usual. The old woman at the cottage gave her some fruit, but she could neither relish that, nor the nice new milk.

At length the woman inquired for Master Henry ; this question quite overpowered her, and bursting into tears, she hid her face in her Mama's lap, and made no answer.

As she returned home she entreated her Mama to forgive her brother, and said she did not mind the loss of her doll half so much as his punishment. Mrs. Carlton commended her affection, and bade her always cherish it. "It will be to you," said she, "a source of the sweetest pleasures, and had

" Henry

“ Henry felt similar emotions, he would
 “ not now have been in disgrace.”

But let us see how Henry occupied himself during their absence.---At first he began to cry, and accuse his sister of ill-nature ; but after the emotions of grief were a little subsided, and reason had some influence, he was convinced she deserved no reproach. She had but the day before given him a pretty new fixpence, and the largest share of a very fine peach, and always pleaded for him when his Papa or Mama were angry with him. All these things now recurred to his memory, and he would willingly have given all he was possessed of that he had never vexed her. He now thought how he might repair the evil he had committed : he took out his purse, and finding he had sufficient for
 his

his purpose, he hastened to a shop, about a mile from his father's house, and there fortunately met with a doll which he thought Frances would like. He was just returned, quite out of breath with the haste he had made, as his Mama and sister came from their walk. He followed them into the parlour, and having laid his purchase on the table, threw his arms round his sister's neck, and begged her to forgive him. They both wept for some minutes, and Mrs. Carlton stood a silent spectator of their mutual embraces. At length Frances exclaimed, " You have not offended
 " me, indeed you have not; I was
 " sorry for my doll, but that is now
 " past, and I have quite forgotten it.
 " My dear Mama, do pray forgive him,
 " see how sorry he is, and how your
 " anger

“ anger afflicts him.” --- “ I forgive
“ him,” said Mrs. Carlton, “ very rea-
“ dily ; but I cannot help advising him
“ in future, before he gives way to his
“ petulant disposition, to reflect whether
“ he is not indulging himself at the ex-
“ pense of some one else ; and to re-
“ member, that the only way to secure
“ his own happiness, is, by endeavour-
“ ing to promote that of others.

Abhor'd by all who rule with tyrant nod,
And o'er their vassals stretch an iron rod ;
Who drag the sons of injur'd Afric's shore,
From kindred, friends, whom they shall meet
no more.

Till death has op'd the silent, peaceful grave,
And broke the fetters of the wretched slave :
Ye guilty, stop ! your souls let pity warm,
Oh mark the heart, and not the face or form !

MR. Murray had lived many years in
the island of Jamaica, where he
had amass'd a large fortune by selling
to other countries, sugar, and various
commodities. He had several children,
and as he thought they could not be so
well educated in the West Indies, as in
England,

England, he came over with them for some years.

The first winter they were in England, nothing could exceed the surprise of the children at the sight of snow, which fell in great abundance. They were continually running out to take some in their hands, to taste it, hold it to the fire, and then see it return to its natural state of water. It was not without some difficulty their parents convinced them that this phenomenon was produced by the atmosphere they were now in, being much colder than that of Jamaica. This occasioned the drops of water to freeze, which would otherwise have fallen in rain, and many of them meeting together formed flakes of snow. "But why are they so white?" said the curious little Dorothy.

“ Because,” answered her Mama,
 “ they are composed of several particles,
 “ or small pieces, which are transparent,
 “ and consequently the light being re-
 “ flected through them, gives them that
 “ beautiful appearance which you so
 “ much admire.”

Mr. Murray, among other black servants, had brought over a little girl, who was rather a companion, than servant to his children : her father and mother had spent their lives in his service, and it was impossible to have a stronger attachment than their orphan daughter had for their master’s children. I am sorry to say they did not always return this affection as it deserved. They would sometimes tease Janet (for so was the little negro called) and pinch, and beat her ; nay, sometimes ridicule the
 colour

colour of her skin, and call her Miss Blacky. It was one morning, when they had been more than commonly ill-tempered, and poor Janet, unable to bear their treatment, had burst into tears, which the little tyrants stood ridiculing, that their father happened to enter the room. They were so much occupied, that they did not immediately perceive him, and he was some minutes an unobserved spectator of their cruel behaviour. As soon as James, the eldest boy, saw his father, his cheeks were suffused with the blushes of guilt, and he stood confused with his eyes upon the ground. Arnold, Dorothy, and Sophia, wondering at their brother's silence, looked round for the cause, which they no sooner perceived, than it had as instantaneous an effect upon themselves.

“ Go into the library,” said their father,
 in a tone of unusual severity, “ and you,
 “ Janet,” continued he more mildly,
 “ go into the nursery, and I will send
 “ for you in a few minutes.” The little
 culprits were no sooner seated, than Mr.
 Murray thus addressed them : “ I do
 “ not ask the cause of Janet’s tears, for
 “ your behaviour during the short time
 “ I watched you, sufficiently explains
 “ it. I know not how, in words ade-
 “ quate to my detestation of your con-
 “ duct, to convince you how despicable it
 “ makes you appear. Tell me, how-
 “ ever, what this poor child has done to
 “ provoke such treatment !” To this
 question they were all silent, till Mr.
 Murray repeating it, Dorothy said,
 “ Nothing.” “ Nothing !” repeated
 her father, “ then what could be your
 “ motive

“ motive for such behaviour ?” James recovering a little from his confusion, answered, “ Why, Papa, she is a negro, and who cares for those people ?

Mr. Murray. “ What do you mean by a negro ?

James. “ A person with a black skin.”

Mr. Murray. “ And who gave them that skin ?”

James. “ God, Papa.”

Mr. Murray. “ If then, God gave it, it is God whom you offend when you make a mockery of any of his works. But you seem to think your conduct justified because Janet is a slave. Now tell me what you mean by a slave. Do you answer me, Arnold.”

Arnold. “ A person one buys because he is a negro.”

Mr. Murray. “ Because he is a negro ; that is a very ridiculous distinction ; for you then say you may buy, ill treat, and ridicule a person whose skin is black.”

Arnold. “ No, Papa, I do not mean that : but I thought nobody cared for slaves.”

Mr. Murray. “ Why not ? do you suppose they are not equally susceptible of pleasure and pain as yourself ? Is not a slave a human being ? and are you not expressly commanded to do all the good you can, and avoid all voluntary evil ?”

Arnold. “ Yes, Papa, I know that : but every body thinks slaves of no consequence.”

Mr. Murray. “ Of no consequence ! they may easily be of as much consequence

“sequence as a worthless boy, whose
 “pride perverts his reason. But I do
 “not ask you what other people think,
 “but what is your own opinion ; it is
 “no very difficult matter to inform me
 “whether any meanness in the situation,
 “or any difference in the features and
 “complexion, can justify ill usage.”

Arnold. “I believe not, Papa.”

Mr. Murray. “I will, however, in-
 “form you who it is you have thus un-
 “deservedly abused ; not because I
 “would have you suppose you can be
 “justified by the lowliness of their sta-
 “tion in behaving unkindly to any of
 “your inferiors, or in rendering their
 “condition harder, than, in many res-
 “pects the lot of servitude will ever be ;
 “but only to shew you how easily those
 “are deceived who judge from such sur-

“ perſicial diſtinctions as outward ap-
 “ pearance. Africa, from whence Ja-
 “ net’s anceſtors came, is a very hot
 “ country, much hotter than Jamaica.
 “ It abounds with an extraordinary
 “ number of animals, ſome very feroci-
 “ ous and ſavage. To ſubdue theſe is
 “ one of the higheſt boaſts of the Afri-
 “ can. Their youths are early inſtructed
 “ to combat them, and in theſe exer-
 “ ciſes they are ſo hardy, that they brave
 “ every danger, and even death itſelf.
 “ The interior part of this country is di-
 “ vided into many territories and king-
 “ doms, and the grandfather of Janet
 “ was monarch of one of the latter.”
 Here the children looked at each other
 in ſurpriſe. “ Yes,” continued Mr.
 Murray, “ the perſon you have juſt
 “ been inſulting is actually deſcended
 “ from

“ from a king. He was at war with a
 “ neighbouring monarch, by whom he
 “ was taken prisoner, after having fought
 “ till his subjects lay scattered around
 “ him by the arrows of the enemy. He
 “ was sold by his conqueror to some
 “ Europeans, of whom my father bought
 “ him with many other negroes. After
 “ some years servitude, when the kind-
 “ nefs of his master had gained his con-
 “ fidence, he made him acquainted
 “ with his former rank. My father com-
 “ miferated his misfortunes, and softened
 “ his labours, by taking him into the
 “ house to wait upon himself. The son
 “ and daughter of Almata (for fo was
 “ the monarch called) continued alfo
 “ in our family: and little Janet their
 “ only child, was bequeathed to my
 “ care by her dying parents; I have en-
 I 6 “ deavoured

“ deavoured faithfully to discharge the
“ trust reposed in me, and never, whilst
“ I can call myself her protector, shall
“ Janet want a friend. If, as you seem
“ to think, superior rank gives any one
“ a right to treat their inferiors with su-
“ percilious contempt, and derision, few
“ people would in that case escape con-
“ tumely. For as rank must be compa-
“ rative, every degree would ill treat
“ those beneath them, and many of
“ your own acquaintance would make
“ you the objects of their scorn. Even
“ Janet might do this, as your birth is
“ far inferior to her’s. None, however,
“ but mean and ignoble minds, would
“ make use of such arguments to justify
“ arrogance. A good heart would ra-
“ ther delight to lessen another’s inferi-
“ ority, than seek to make that inferi-
“ ority

" ority more painful. Nor do I believe
 " that had Janet been in your situation,
 " she would have behaved so ungene-
 " rously; she has a liberal and affec-
 " tionate heart, and is, I am sure, fin-
 " cerely attached to you. That you
 " may, however, judge whether ser-
 " vants (or as you are pleased to call
 " them, slaves) are such useless beings,
 " you shall none of you have any thing
 " during a week, but bread and water,
 " unless you can procure other food by
 " your own exertions. I will speak to
 " your Mama, Dorothy, and Sophia,
 " and I am sure she will coincide in my
 " opinion, that you deserve nothing from
 " those you know not how to treat with
 " civility." He then rang the bell, and
 desired a servant to call Janet: she
 came immediately, and Mr. Murray
 said,

said, " I am extremely sorry, Janet,
 " these naughty children have behaved
 " so ill to you. I now insist on their all
 " begging your pardon, and it shall be
 " my care in future, that they conduct
 " themselves towards you in a more
 " proper manner." The children then
 begged her pardon, and Mr. Murray
 added, " this is not sufficient; I likewise
 " desire Janet that you assist them in
 " nothing till I give you leave ; I shall
 " be very much displeased if you do."
 Poor Janet burst into tears, and begged
 Mr. Murray to forgive them, as she was
 sure they did not mean to vex her."
 " You are too good to them," replied
 their father, " they are undeserving your
 " regard, nor will I in the least relax
 " their punishment." From that hour
 they had no one to wait upon them;

their dinner they knew not how to cook, and were therefore obliged to content themselves with dry bread. The next day was the same, and the next to that. They could make no fire, for they were unable to strike a light, and pinched with cold, and regretting the loss of numerous comforts, they wept away the tedious hours. It is impossible to enumerate the thousand wants they were unable to gratify: at length the week passed away, which, with very little intermission, had been spent in tears. They had been interrupted whenever they would have amused themselves by many of their playthings being out of their reach: they were treated by every one with contempt and neglect, and even poor Janet, though she wept for their disgrace, dared not speak to them.

When

When the time of their punishment was over, they went into the parlour, confessed their fault, and promised never more to be guilty of it. Their parents accepted their contrition, they were reconciled to Janet, and never afterwards treated her with scorn. They had learned by experience how useful their domestics were, and how much they were indebted to their labours : and convinced how little they could do for themselves, they became grateful to those who so liberally assisted them.

Hail, sweet affection ! hail, thou sacred pow'r !
Thine the pure pleasures of the social hour.
In ev'ry state, thy charms by all confess,
Can soothe the aged, warm the youthful breast ;
Wake the fir'd soul to ecstasy of bliss,
And bid a better state begin in this.

PAULUS, a young Etonian, was engaged to spend the midsummer vacation with his cousin Lucinda. They had, till Paulus went to school, passed their time together, and the strongest affection subsisted between them. As soon as Lucinda saw the carriage which brought her cousin, enter the park, she ran out, and not having patience to wait till it came near the house, she hastened

tened along the gravel road to meet it. Paulus, who soon perceived her, begged the coachman to stop, and jumping out, flew to meet her embraces. They stood for some minutes clasped in each other's arms, and then, mutual congratulations and inquiries occupied them till they reached the house. On entering the drawing room they found Sir William and Lady Anson, who welcomed their nephew to the Abbey with little less joy than Lucinda. As Paulus had not seen his cousin for six months, a separation which each had found long and melancholy, they could for some time do little else but express their present delight. Their first employment was to visit those spots which they had formerly enjoyed together. There was a bower, to which they were
more

more particularly attached ; Lucinda loved it because Paulus had made it ; and Paulus admired it, because Lucinda had twined the honey suckles and jessamines. They were now in full blossom, and charmed equally the sight and smell. They sat down—Lucinda praised it for being so commodious, and Paulus declared the flowers which adorned it were the sweetest he had ever smelt. The spot recalled to their remembrance many past occurrences, and those infantile days when the society of each other made all their happiness. “ Do you not recollect,” said Paulus, “ how we used to sit here ? you dressed your doll, whilst I gathered nosegays ; and sometimes we read, or played an hundred diverting tricks ? Ah, Lucinda ! I often wished for you at Eton.”

Lucinda.

Lucinda. “ And I as often wished for
 “ you here. I know not what to do
 “ without you ; if Mama takes me on a
 “ visit, every body asks after you, and
 “ that brings your absence to my mind,
 “ and makes me so melancholy that I am
 “ ready to cry.”

Paulus. “ You are very good, Lu-
 “ cinda ; but now we are together we
 “ shall be happy ; and I shall not leave
 “ you again for five or six weeks.”
 Here a summons to dinner interrupted
 the conversation ; in the evening they
 walked to the village, where Paulus
 found many of his old acquaintance.
 There was one man, who had formerly
 been a servant in the family, who was in
 raptures at seeing him. “ Why, Sir,”
 said he, “ how you are grown ! You
 “ are nearly a head taller than Miss Lu-
 “ cinda.

“ Lucinda. ’Twas but last night, master
“ Paulus, I was saying to my old dame,
“ I wondered if you would come among
“ us these holidays. I drank your health
“ out of that jug. God bless his sweet
“ face !” said I. “ I hope I shall see him
“ once more before I die ! and when
“ Mr. John, the coachman, told me
“ this morning you were coming, all
“ the water flew into my eyes for joy.”
Paulus thanked him for his affection,
and then with Lucinda sat down to eat
some strawberries which the honest people
had provided for them. The fun
was nearly down when they reached
the Abbey ; but as Sir William and his
Lady were in the garden, they went
and joined them, and related the occurrences
of their walk.

The

The next day they went to a review of some cavalry, who were soon to embark on foreign service. At their particular request they rode on horseback, having each a pretty little grey poney which they had been taught to manage very dexterously, and the baronet and his lady went in their phaeton. As this was quite a new sight to the young people, they promised themselves much pleasure, and set off with hearts beating with expectation. After a pleasant ride of about five miles, they arrived at the destined spot, and being situated in a very advantageous place, they had a full view of all the manœuvres. Amongst the rest was a mock fight, and both Lucinda and his cousin were astonished at the rapid movements of the horses in different directions, some flying from
the

the pretended enemy, and others pursuing with shouts of victory. Sometimes they lost sight of them in a deep valley, at others, their glittering arms distinguished them on the rising hill. The sound of martial music, the trampling of horses, the thunder of cannon, and the general appearance of pleasure, quite delighted them, and they expressed their regret when the fight was over.

As they were returning to the Abbey, talking of what they had seen, they overtook a poor woman who was weeping bitterly. They regarded her with compassion, and stopping their horses, inquired the cause of her grief. The question seemed to increase her sorrow, and for some minutes she made no reply. At length she said, " My dear little gentlefolks, I hope you will never
 " know

“ know the grief I now feel ; I have
“ been taking leave of my husband,
“ who is a soldier, and is going abroad
“ with the troops, perhaps I shall never
“ see him again, and what is to become
“ of me and my poor children, God
“ knows ; but I believe we must all
“ come to the parish, or else starve.”

“ I hope not,” said Lucinda. “ Where
“ do you live ? ”

“ In Dorsetshire, Miss ; but how we
“ shall travel such a journey I cannot
“ tell ; for what with affliction and fa-
“ tigue I am now ready to die. But
“ God is merciful ; and perhaps he will
“ take pity on us.”

A tear stole down the cheek of Lu-
cinda, and taking out her purse, she
gave the woman half a crown ; her
cousin did the same, and the poor crea-
ture

ture thanked them in the most grateful manner.

Just at this moment Sir William and Lady Anson came up; their daughter related to them the circumstances of the woman's distress, and added, she had a long way to travel, and was very poor. Sir William and his lady each gave her five shillings, and desired her to go to the Abbey, where she should receive further relief.

Paulus and Lucinda, beside the approbation of their own hearts, received the warmest commendations from their friends; who rejoiced to see this early dawn of benevolence in two objects so dear to their hearts. The poor woman and her children, after being refreshed with a hearty meal, and provided with the means of returning home with

some degree of comfort, took her leave with the most thankful gratitude to her kind benefactors.

The days which we spend in uninterrupted happiness, are soon fled, and seldom do we know their real value, but by their loss. Time with Paulus and his cousin flew swiftly away: they walked, read, or visited their friends without recollecting how soon they must be separated. The last week of his holidays had commenced, ere the thought presented itself to their minds; and when it did, it was sufficient to damp all their pleasure. The feelings of their hearts soon overspread their countenances, and those eyes which so lately had beamed nothing but joy, were now expressive of nothing but sorrow. Sir William and his lady perceived the change, and the
former

former inquired of his daughter the
 cause. She burst into tears, and said,
 "because Paulus must so soon leave
 her."—"But why," said Sir William,
 "have you so little resolution as to suf-
 fer what is unavoidable to afflict you
 so deeply? Your cousin must go;
 would it not then be better to sup-
 press, in some measure, those feelings
 which will not merely imbitter the
 future, but sour even present enjoy-
 ment? You have still nearly a week
 to be together, perhaps longer, for as
 I have some business in town, I shall,
 when we accompany Paulus to school,
 stay some days in Grosvenor Square.
 But even this will afford you no plea-
 sure, if you think only of your ap-
 proaching separation."

Lucinda. “ But how, Papa, if I love
 “ my cousin, and you know I do, can I
 “ think of losing him without being
 “ sorry? If I have pleasure in his com-
 “ pany, I must feel pain when I cease to
 “ enjoy it.”

Sir William. “ No, Lucinda, that
 “ does not necessarily follow. In such
 “ cases reason must moderate your grief.
 “ I know your affection for your cousin
 “ as well as his for you, nor do I wish
 “ to repress it; I would only have you
 “ act in such a manner, that each should
 “ be worthy the regard of the other.
 “ And were you, Lucinda, to see your
 “ present conduct in its true light, you
 “ would blush for your selfishness.”

Lucinda. “ Dear, Papa, I selfish!”

Paulus. “ Surely, Sir, you are jo-
 “ king. It is impossible any body should
 “ be

“be more disinterested than Lucinda.

“I do not believe there is that circum-

“stance in which she would not at any

“time relinquish her own pleasures to

“promote those of other people.”

Sir William. “Well, that I allow,

“in general. But I repeat, that in the

“present instance she is guilty of unpar-

“donable selfishness. Why else does

“she grieve thus at your leaving her?

“Are you not going to pursue those

“studies, and acquire that knowledge,

“which alone can make you respec-

“table? Yet these she wishes you to

“relinquish for childish pleasures, idle-

“ness, and leisure. She would rather

“enjoy your company, though at the

“expense of the most valuable part of

“your life, than suffer a temporary de-

K 3 “privation.

“privation of it, by which you will derive the highest advantage.”

Lucinda. “Indeed, Papa, you judge too severely. I have no such wish; so far from it, I always rejoice at hearing of my cousin’s improvement.”

Sir William. “Why then do you repine at his pursuing the means which his friends have judged most likely to promote it?”

Lucinda. “I am vexed that he is going to leave me, not that he is going to school.”

Sir William. “I see, Lucinda, you are an able disputant. But had you not been blinded by selfishness, you would have overcome your own sorrow, when you found it could not be removed but by injuring your cousin. To grieve for what is unavoidable, is
“ most

" most undoubtedly weak and childish.
 " Life is full of disappointments, those
 " therefore who are not prepared to
 " meet, and sustain them with some de-
 " gree of fortitude, will be constantly
 " miserable. Look around you, and
 " see whether others are not forced to
 " relinquish what they value as well as
 " yourself. Think of the poor woman
 " whose husband is gone to Flanders,
 " and you will see her cause of sorrow
 " was aggravated by ten thousand me-
 " lancholy circumstances. She was left
 " in poverty with three small children to
 " provide for. She had also to dread
 " the dangers of war, which made it
 " probable her husband might never re-
 " turn ; she knew also the hardships to
 " which he must unavoidably be ex-
 " posed, to sleeping often without a
 K 4 " shelter,

“ shelter, to the pestilence of camps,
“ to scanty provisions, and those not
“ always eatable. You, on the con-
“ trary, are furrounded with all the
“ blessings of affluence ; your wants are
“ amply supplied, your separation from
“ your cousin will be but temporary,
“ and exposes neither of you to the
“ smallest danger : tell me then, whether
“ you have cause for all this sorrow ?”

Lucinda. “ I cannot say I saw my
“ cousin’s leaving me in the same light I
“ now do ; but, indeed, Papa, I must
“ really assure you that I shall never
“ think of his going without being very
“ much vexed.”

Sir William. “ That is another mat-
“ ter : there is a wide difference between
“ insensibility, and the unrestrained in-
“ dulgence of your feelings. Try my
“ advice,

“ advice, and not only you, but Pau-
“ lus, for I speak equally to both, and
“ I will venture to affirm you will secure
“ to yourselves much happiness. Instead
“ of being miserable in the expectation
“ of your parting, think of the advan-
“ tages which will result from it ; and
“ whenever you are tempted to indulge
“ immoderate sorrow, reflect whether
“ the cause is sufficient to justify it and
“ whether the exertion of reason and
“ good sense may not point out some
“ alleviation which before you had not
“ discovered.”

Ah, pity those who in pale mis'ry groan,
Allow for other's faults, but not thine own.
Ne'er with reproach the humble suppliant load,
Doom'd by stern fate to tread the thorny road
Of rugged poverty! — Ah, learn to feel,
And with kind hand the fest'ring wound to heal!
Perhaps from guilt thou may'st the wand'rer lead,
And his untutor'd soul with justice feed.
Reason may end what charity begun,
And give to virtue a repentant son.

IN the north-western angle of Merionethshire is situated the beautiful vale of Festiniog, in the recesses of which a respectable farmer reared his little family. Nature here roamed at large, and gave all that was necessary to life.

life. The fertility of the soil amply rewarded the labour of the husbandman, health smiled on his brow, and plenty gladdened his heart. The day was devoted to labour, and at night they enjoyed the sweets of repose. Mr. Smith had four children, three sons and a daughter, who were strong, active, and industrious: they had lost their mother when very young, but their father had amply supplied her loss. The sons were old enough to earn their living by husbandry, and Patty had the care of the household affairs. She was one evening going to a shop at the next village, when she met a large party, which consisted of men, women, and children. Their dress was very shabby, and their complexion quite brown. One of them, who had a child at her back, came up

to her, and after sundry grimaces, asked her if she would please to have her fortune told. Patty at first paid no attention to the question, but as the woman continued to importune her, she turned round, saying with an arch smile, "can you tell me whether we shall have a good crop of potatoes this year, or when Nan will kid?" The gipsy (for such she was) stared at this question, but finding Patty was not to be deceived, she began to abuse her, and the poor girl, quite frightened, continued her walk. Having soon finished her business at the shop, she was returning home, but finding it began very fast to grow dark, she called at a cottage, to whose inhabitants she was known, and asked one of the lads to walk with her. Joe instantly accompanied her, and she arrived

arrived at her father's in safety, though not without some trepidation, for she could not forget the terrifying appearance of the gipsies. As they sat in the evening round their comfortable fire, Patty recounted what had happened to her, and concluded by saying, she had no patience with such idle vagrants.

"Here they go about," said she, "begging of industrious people, when they can as well work themselves. There were five or six children, who all asked me for something, but I knew better how to employ my money."

"'Tis, indeed," replied her father, "a shocking life to lead, and I never wish to encourage the idle any more than you; but yet in such cases I in general give a trifle."

Patty.

Patty. “ I wonder, father, you should.
 “ Where now would have been the
 “ good of my giving those creatures a
 “ penny ? Perhaps they would have
 “ spent it in liquor, and no one would
 “ have received any benefit from it.
 “ And to say the truth, I have no great
 “ pity for any beggars ; every one may
 “ get an honest living if they will.”

Mr. Smith. “ In general I believe so.
 “ Yet there are cases, where misfor-
 “ tunes reduce men to such extreme
 “ poverty, that to beg is all that is left
 “ them ; I have myself experienced such
 “ a deplorable situation. I received
 “ from my father a very good education
 “ for one in our sphere, and marrying
 “ your mother early in life, we for some
 “ time continued in very prosperous
 “ circumstances, and I believe no peo-
 “ ple

"ple were ever happier. But unfortun-
 "ately for us, there came to live in the
 "neighbourhood a man of so wicked a
 "disposition, that his whole delight
 "seemed to consist in tormenting others.
 "He had not long been amongst us,
 "when some cattle of mine broke his
 "fence; I offered him the reparation I
 "thought adequate; he would not ac-
 "cept it, but prosecuted me for the da-
 "mage. I was cast in the suit, which
 "was long before it was decided, and
 "what with the expense of lawyers, and
 "the sum I was obliged to pay, I found
 "my affairs very much involved. Shortly
 "after I had a stack of hay destroyed
 "by lightning, and the next year prov-
 "ing very unfavourable, I was obliged
 "to quit my farm, being no longer able
 "to pay the rent. Your mother was so
 "much

" much afflicted by our losses, that she
 " did not long survive them. To me
 " her death was the greatest of all my
 " sorrows, I cared not what became of
 " me, so wholly was I absorbed in af-
 " fliction. But the sight of four star-
 " ving children soon roused me from my
 " lethargy of grief. I applied to those
 " who called themselves my friends, for
 " some temporary relief; but I soon
 " found that the professions which are
 " offered to those in prosperity, are often
 " only made, because it is known they
 " will not be accepted. Many with whom
 " had lived in the strictest intimacy now
 " upbraided me with extravagance and
 " mismanagement, and declared they
 " would never relieve sufferings which
 " were the consequence of imprudence.
 " Driven almost to despair by such
 " treat-

“ treatment, I left the neighbourhood,
“ resolving to try if strangers would be
“ more kind to me. For several weeks
“ I travelled about, working whenever
“ I could get employment, and when I
“ could not, obliged to beg. You were
“ all too young to remember the circum-
“ stance, but many hours did I spend
“ lamenting over you. I was one day
“ thus engaged, when, as I was sitting
“ on the side of the road, a lady passed
“ by. I turned my head at the sound of
“ her horse, and judged from the num-
“ ber of her attendants that she was
“ some person of distinction. But it
“ was not so much her rank which at-
“ tracted my notice, as the sweetness of
“ her countenance, which was marked
“ by affability and good nature. She
“ stopped her horse, and taking out her
“ purse,

“ purse, threw me half a crown. So
 “ large a donation awakened both gra-
 “ titude and surprise ; I sprung forward,
 “ and falling on my knees, prayed
 “ Heaven to reward her generosity.
 “ She was struck by my impassioned
 “ manner, and giving me her direction,
 “ bade me call at her house. I did so ;
 “ and told her my story. From that
 “ time she has been to me the most libe-
 “ ral benefactress, and for most of the
 “ comforts we possess, we are indebted
 “ to her. She soon after placed me in
 “ this cottage, supplied me with imple-
 “ ments of husbandry, and enabled me
 “ once more to taste of peace. Had
 “ she, however, Patty been of your
 “ disposition, your father might have
 “ perished for want. Now tell me
 “ which you think is best, to relieve as
 “ much

“ much as is in our power the miseries
“ of our fellow-creatures, or to leave
“ them to sink beneath their weight, be-
“ cause it is possible they may be the
“ consequence of their own folly ?”

Patty. “ To be sure, father, what
“ you say is very true, but then to think
“ of relieving all the beggars one sees,
“ it is an impossible matter.”

Mr. Smith. “ Perhaps so. But you
“ may still do all you can ; it is not ex-
“ pected any one should give what he
“ cannot afford ; but there is no occa-
“ sion to add to afflictions because we
“ cannot relieve them. Kind treatment
“ is always in our power, and what we
“ do not mean to give, we may refuse
“ without ill-nature. Poverty has evils
“ enough of itself without the addition
“ of unkind language ; and as no one
“ is

“ is certain what may be his future lot,
 “ it is wise to do good to others as far as
 “ we can, that if we should need it, we
 “ may hope to receive it ourselves. In-
 “ dustry in general secures people from
 “ extreme want, but, there are some
 “ calamities which industry cannot avert,
 “ and it is surely cruel and ungenerous
 “ to the last degree, to suffer all who
 “ beg to go without relief, because some
 “ who ask may not happen to deserve
 “ it.”

Just as Mr. Smith finished speaking,
 somebody knocked at the door. James
 (one of the sons) ran to open it, and a
 poor little girl begged a morsel of bread
 with such earnestness, that Mr. Smith
 bade her come in and take a piece. He
 had no sooner given her a large slice,
 than she ate it with the utmost greediness.

ness. When she had finished it, she returned many thanks, and said, she had not eaten any thing so good for two or three days.

"How then do you live?" said Mr. Smith.

"Oh," replied the child, "sometimes upon berries, and what any body will give us. Mammy and the rest of them get very good dinners often, but they never let us have any thing but what we can pick up for ourselves, for fear we should not be clever at the business; and we are oftentimes half starved. But it don't signify crying, for they only beat us if we do." Mr. Smith then gave her another piece of bread and some cold meat, with which she went joyfully away. "Here," said Mr. Smith, when she

she was gone, “ is a striking instance
 “ of the injustice of opinions such as
 “ your’s. You cannot more than my-
 “ self detest the idle habits of these va-
 “ grant people : but are the poor chil-
 “ dren to be blamed for them ? Can it
 “ be right to heap on them the suffer-
 “ ings due only to their parents ? It is
 “ from such ideas as your’s, that so
 “ many beggars are to be found in every
 “ place. People will not relieve them,
 “ because they think they encourage
 “ idleness ; they will not employ them
 “ in any way by which they may earn a
 “ decent livelihood, because the method
 “ by which their characters must be as-
 “ certained would be too troublesome,
 “ and they do not chuse to employ them
 “ without. Hence, from extreme want,
 “ these poor creatures are driven to the

“ commission of many bad actions,
“ which they would otherwise never
“ think of, and are forced to continue in
“ a way of life, which, perhaps, they
“ would be glad to quit. Every one
“ will desire them not to beg, but work,
“ yet none will give them the means.
“ For my own part, I am possessed of
“ nothing more than my industry earns,
“ but whilst I have a morsel to bestow,
“ no one who is in want shall go from
“ my door unrelieved. The profligate
“ are certainly undeserving our encou-
“ ragement, but the poor have always a
“ claim to our benevolence and pity.

END OF VOL. I.

(1882)

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